

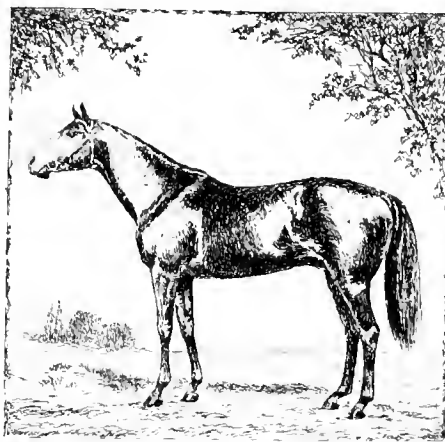


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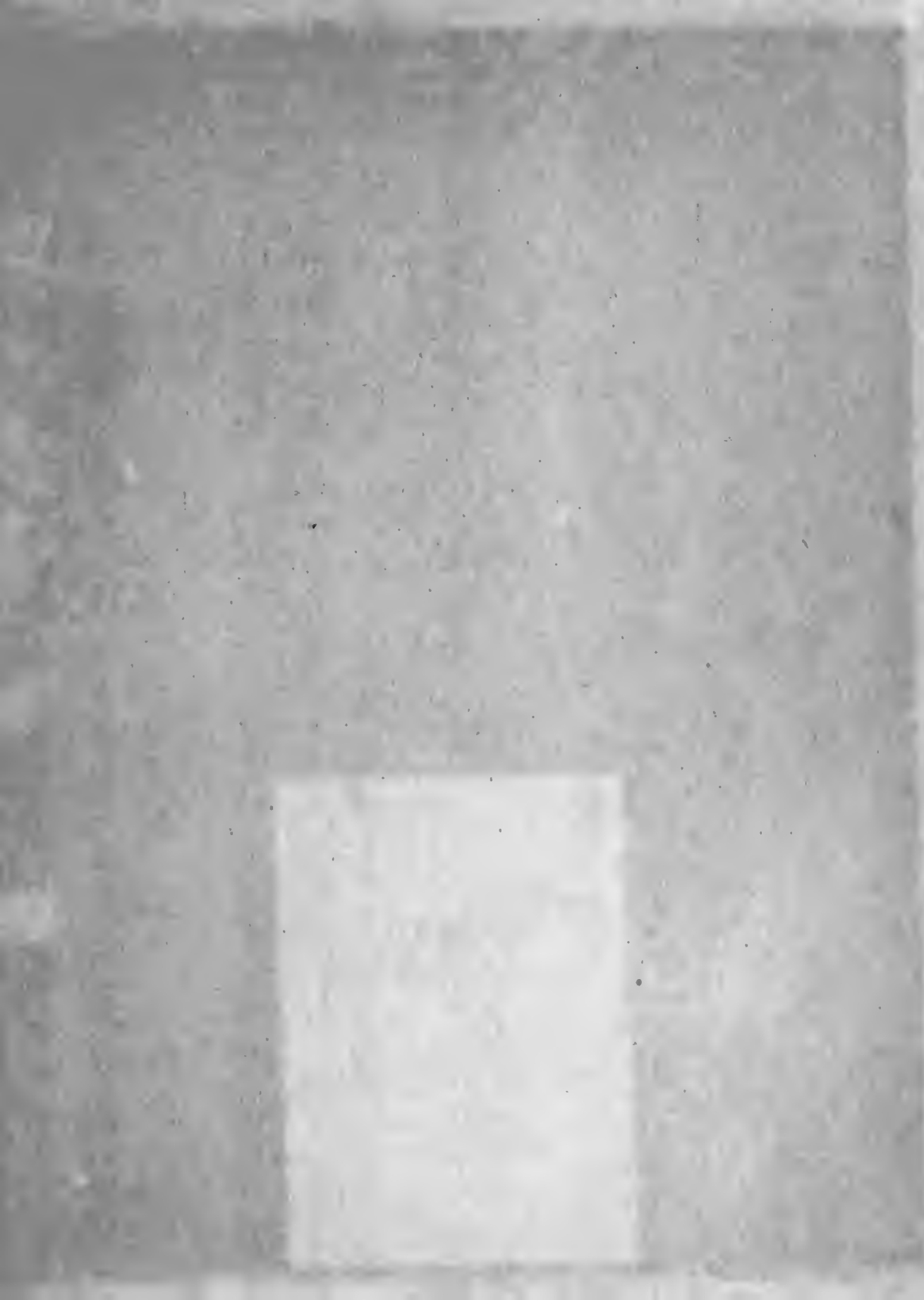
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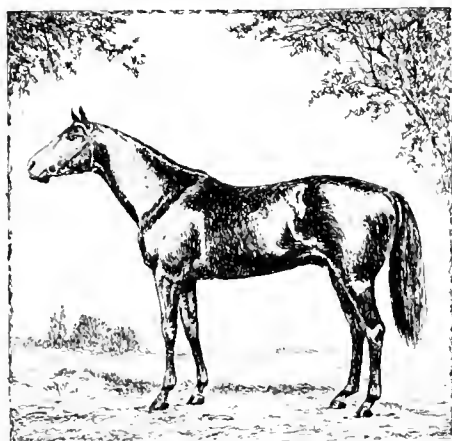
JOHN P. GRIER

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HUNTING LAYS AND HUNTING WAYS



JOHN P. GRIER

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LORD LISMORE

From a painting by J. F. Verelstey 1805

Given by Messrs R. Ackermann

HUNTING LAYS AND HUNTING WAYS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE CHASE

COLLECTED AND RECOLLECTED BY
LADY BIRKETT

With Fourteen Illustrations from Old Pictures and Prints

"My Horse-sounding Horn
Invites thee to the Chase—the Sport of Kings;
Image of War, without its Guilt."

SOMERVILLE.

PHILADELPHIA
MACRAE SMITH COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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DEDICATED

“With the luck of each fence where it’s low”

(WHYTE-MELVILLE)

TO

“Whom naught comes amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this;
Who through falls and bad starts undauntedly still
Rides up to the motto—‘Be with them I will.’”

(*Old Cheshire Hunting Song.*)



NOTE

I herewith thank the undermentioned for their kind permission to reprint in this volume the following poems, extracts and pictures—

The Honble. John Fortescue, an extract from *Stag Hunting on Exmoor*.

Sir Henry Newbolt, "A Song of Exmoor," from *Poems New and Old*.

Sir Francis C. Gould, "Exmoor."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for "The Old Squire," by Mr. W. S. Blunt.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd., for "Young Reynard," by George Meredith, and "The First Whip" and "The Crutch," by Will. H. Ogilvie.

Messrs. John Murray and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle from *Songs of Action*, "The Old Grey Fox" and "'Ware Holes."

Messrs. Chatto & Windus, for "Requiem," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, and Mr. John Masefield, for "Midnight" and an extract from *Reynard the Fox*.

Mr. Cuthbert Bradley ("Whipster") for an extract from Frank Gillard's *Hunting Reminiscences*.

Proprietors of *Punch* for "Fan."

"Klaxon," for an extract from *A Trinity*, from *On Patrol*.

Captain J. H. W. Knight-Bruce for an extract from *Days with the Dartmoor Forest Hunt*.

And to Messrs. Vinton & Co., Ltd., for "Burton," by Harry L., from *Lays of the Chase*.

Mr. W. T. Spencer, of New Oxford Street, W., for two drawings by "Phiz."

Messrs. R. W. Ackermann & Son, New Bond Street, W., for the loan of four pictures reproduced in the book.



A Word Ere We Start

Boys, to the hunting-field ! though 'tis November,
The wind's in the south ;—but a word ere we start.—
Though keenly excited, I bid you remember
That hunting's a science, and riding an art.

The order of march and the due regulation
That guide us in warfare, we need in the chase—
Huntsman and Whip, each his own proper station,
Horse, hound, and fox, each his own proper place.

The fox takes precedence of all from the cover ;
The horse is an animal purposely bred
AFTER the pack to be ridden, not OVER—
Good hounds are not rear'd to be knocked on the head.

Strong be your tackle, and carefully fitted,
Breast-plate and bridle, girth, stirrup, and chain ;
You will need not two arms, if the mouth be well bitted,
One hand lightly used will suffice for the rein.

Buckskin's the only wear fit for the saddle ;
Hats for Hyde Park, but a cap for the chase ;
In tops of black leather let fishermen paddle,
The calves of a foxhunter white ones incase.

If your horse be well bred and in blooming condition,
Both up to the country and up to your weight,
O then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in your saddle and keep his head straight !

Pastime for Princes !—prime sport of our nation !
Strength in their sinew and bloom on their cheek ;
Health to the old, to the young recreation ;
All for enjoyment the hunting-field seek.

A WORD ERE WE START

Eager and emulous only, not spiteful ;—
Grudging no friend, though ourselves he may beat ;
Just enough danger to make sport delightful !
Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON.

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STAG-HUNTING

I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BLOW THY HORN, HUNTER

Blow thy horn, Hunter,
Come blow thy horn on high ;
In yonder wood there lyth a doe,
In faith she will not die.
Come blow thy horn, jolly hunter.

From an MS. in the British Museum.

If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not fear.

The Hunt is Up

(*Old English. Time of Henry Eighth.*)

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day;
And Harry our King is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
The darkness it is fled,
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grass is green, and so are the trees,
All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free,
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of hey ta tara tee ree!

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he riseth high,
To see and to be seen.

Awake, all men, I say again,
Be merry as you may;
For Harry our King is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

PUBLISHED BY CHAPPEL, 1667.

"Any song intended to arouse in the morning—even a love-song—was formerly called a *Hunt's*-
." So, in the French, we have *aubade* (music to be performed *à l'aube du jour*).

The Blazon Pronounced by the Huntsman

I AM the Hunte, whiche rathe and earely ryse,
 (My bottell filde, with wine in any wise,)
 Twoo draughts I drinke, to stay my steppes withall,
 For eche foote one, bicause I would not fall.
 Then take my Hounde, in liam me behinde,
 The stately Harte, in fryth or fell to finde.
 And whiles I seek his slotte where he hath fedde,
 The sweete byrdes sing, to cleare my drowsie hedde.
 And when my Hounde doth streyne upon good vent,
 I must confesse, the same doth me content,
 But when I have my coverts walkt aboute,
 And harbed fast, the Harte for commyng out:
 Then I returne, to make a grave reporte,
 Whereas I finde, th' assembly doth resorte.
 And lowe I crouche, before the Lordlings all,
 Out of my Horne, the fewmets lette I fall,
 And other signes, and tokens do I tell,
 To make them hope, the Harte may like them well.
 Then they commaunde, that I the wine should taste,
 So biddes mine Arte : and so my throte I baste.
 The dinner done, I go streightwayes agayne,
 Unto my markes, and shew my Master playne.
 Then put my Hounde, upon the view to drawe.
 And rowse the Harte, out of his layre by lawe.
 O gamstres all, a little by your leave
 Can you suche joyes in triflying games conceive.

GEORGE GASGCOINGE, 1525-1577.

NOTE.—Liam “the huntsman brought with him his liam hound. This was a pure-bred blood-hound, used in those days for finding and harbouring the deer. He was so called because he was held in hand by means of a leather strap called a liam; a Norman-French term of venery, derived from ligamen. He was all nose and no cry, being used to hunt absolutely mute. He was sometimes called a slot-hound (Scottish sleuth-hound) because he drew on the slot or footmark of the deer.”—

Diary of Master William Silince.

How the Huntsman shoulde go Drawing with his Hounde

IMMEDIATELY after Supper, the Huntsman should go to his Master's chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the Master of the Games' chamber to know his pleasure in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following, that he may know his owne quarter ; that done, he may go to bedde, to the ende he may rise the earlyer in the morning, according to the tyme and the season, and according to the place wher he must hunt ; then when he is uppe and readie, let him drinke a good draughte, and fetch his hounde to make him break his fast a little : and let him not forget to fill his bottle with good wine ; that done, let him take a little vinager into the palme of his hand, and put it in the nostrills of his hounde for to make snuffe, to the end his scent may be the perfecter ; then let him go to the wood.

.

The Huntzman ought to looke over night in what coaste the Deare go to feed : and if it be in a spring, then let him mark which way he may best come in the morning upon a clear wind. And also let him choose some standing in some tree on the border of the spring, from the which he may behold easily all things that feed therein. In the morning let him rise two hours before day, and go to the covert ; and when he is come near to the Deare's harborough, he should leave his hounde with some boye, and place him somewhere that he may quickly find him againe if he have neede of him ; then let him go to his tree which he marked over night, and let him get up into it, lookyng into the spring, and if he espie an hart which like him, then let him marke what head he beareth, and let him not sturre from thence until he see him go to harborough. Afterwarde when he seeth that he is in the thicket, he must marke the place whereaboutes he entred by some little pretie tree or such like thing, that beyng done he shall come doune and go fetche his hounde : but here he shall marke one secret : that he go not aboute to harbor an harte an hour at least after he see him go to layre, because sometimes an Harte goeth to layre at the bordure of the thicket, or els will come back thither to hearken or see if anything there be

6 HUNTING LAYS AND HUNTING WAYS

which might annoy them, as I have sayed before, and therefore the huntesman should not go too soone. And furdernore, if in a casting about the covert, he hear eyther Pies, Jayes, or such birds wondering, then let him withdraw him and stand close, for that is a token that the harte is yet on foote ; and then lat him stay halfe an houre longer before he make his ringwalke. And when he hath wel and surely harbored him, he may go backe to the assembly and make reporte therof, and descyfer the Harte's head which he hath scene, with all good markes and tokens. And if he have taken up any of the fewmett, he should put them in his horne and bring them also to the assembly.

JOHN TUBERVILLE, 1575.

The Harburer

I WENT this morning on my quest,
My hound did stick, and seemed to vent some beast ;
I held him short, and drawing after him,
I might behold the Hart was feeding trymm ;
His head was high, and large in each degree,
Well paulmed eke, and seemed full sound to be ;
Of colour browne, he beareth eight and tenne,
Of stately height and long he seemed then.
Well barred and round, well pearled near his head ;
He seemed fayre tweene blacke and berrie brownde
He seemes well fed by all the synes I found ;
For when I had well marked him with eye,
I stept aside, to watch where he would lye ;
And when I had so wayted full an houre,
That he might be at layre and in his boure,
I cast about to harbour him full sure.

JOHN TUBERVILLE, 1575.

A Scottish Hunt

I

THE stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

2

The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh ;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

3

Yell'd on the view the opening pack ;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response.

A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout ;
With hark and whoop, and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its failing din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

4

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old ;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

5

The noble stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.



CHASE OF THE ROEBUCK: FULL CRY

Henry Allen



With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood grey,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

6

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-moor ;
What reins were tighten'd in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar ;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

7

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,

Fast on his flying traces came,
And all' but won that desperate game ;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds staunch ;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

8

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way ;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew ;—
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock ;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took,
There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain,
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771-1832.

“Brow, Bay, and Tray”

(A Song of West Somerset)

FIRST came the Harboured,
The Harboured, the Harboured—
First came the Harboured,
Before the dawn was clear ;
And here he stooped, and there he stood,
And round the combe he made it good,
And harboured in the Lower Wood,
A warrantable deer.
Some twenty score, he said, or more
The noble beast would weigh,
For he'd brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

(Chorus) Then here's to him who leads the Hunt,
With a Tally-ho Away.
And brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Next came the Tufters,
The Tufters, the Tufters—
Next came the Tufters,
Tufting through the brake,
And opened on him, staunch and sure,
And moved him, where he crouched secure,
And drove him forward o'er the moor
His gallant point to make.
While on his track the zealous pack
We did our best to lay ;
For he'd brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

(Chorus) Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Huntsman,
The Huntsman, the Huntsman—
Next came the Huntsman,
His jolly horn to wind,
With Finisher, and Foreman too,
And Nelson, who had got a view,
And many a comrade, bold and true,
That bustled round the find,
“Have at him, see, the slot,” quoth he
 (“Hold up my gallant grey”).
He has brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

(*Chorus*) Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Master,
The Master, the Master—
Next came the Master,
He seemed a merry man ;
His spur was in the chestnut's side—
“Hark forward, hark,” the Master cried ;
“My friends, I'll give you leave to ride
And catch them if you can.
Before the fun is fairly done,
You'll falter by the way ;
For he's brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.”

(*Chorus*) Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Farmers,
The Farmers, the Farmers—
Next came the Farmers,
The keenest blades I know.
They pierce the copse's leafy gloom,
They climb the hill and thread the combe,
Or skim the bog for standing room,
But never fail to go.

By hook or crook they'll have a look,
I undertake to say,
At his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

(*Chorus*) Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Parson,
The Parson, the Parson—
Next came the Parson,
His shortest way to seek,
And like a phantom lost to view,
From point to point the Parson flew—
The parish, at a pinch, could do
Without him for a week.
“But see the kill I must, and will,”
Said he, “this blessed day,”
For he's brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

(*Chorus*) Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Moorland,
The Moorland, the Moorland—
Next came the Moorland,
It stretched for many a mile ;
The spurs were plied without avail,
The best of steeds were seen to fail,
The very hounds began to tail,
And ran in lengthened file—
Yet forward still, he sank the hill,
To finish out the play,
With his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

(*Chorus*) Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the River-side,
The River-side, the River-side—
Next came the River-side
(’Twas brawling to the brim).

Undaunted in the whirling flood,
 To face his foes the champion stood,
 While all about him wild for blood,
 They clamoured, sink or swim ;
 For weary feet at Watersmeet
 Had set him up to bay,
 With his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
 Brow, bay, and tray.

(*Chorus*) Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Death-stroke,
 The Death-stroke, the Death-stroke—
 Next came the Death-stroke,
 The huntsman drove it home.
 While here and there, from far and near,
 With laugh and shout, and thrilling cheer,
 We gathered round the dying deer,
 Beside the torrent's foam ;
 Till stark and dead, with crown on head,
 The fallen monarch lay,
 With his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
 Brow, bay, and tray.

(*Chorus*) Then here's to him who led the Hunt—
 Whom death alone could stop,
 With his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
 And four upon the top.
 With nine times nine for every time
 He flourished in the fray,
 And brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
 Brow, bay, and tray.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

NOTE.—Watersmeet is the confluence of Badgeworthy water and the river Lynn.

The Old Pack

A NOBLER pack of hounds no man ever saw. They had been in the country for years, and had been bred with the utmost care for the express purpose of stag-hunting.

What the exact origin of the hounds was I am unable to state with accuracy. The bloodhound and old southern hound, however, were beyond doubt amongst the ancestors of the pack, which, when sold (1825), consisted of about thirty couples. In height the hounds were about twenty-six to twenty-eight inches; colour generally hare pied, yellow, yellow and white, or badger pied, with long ears, deep muzzles, large throats, and deep chests.

In tongue they were perfect, and when hunting in water, or half-scent, or baying a deer, they might be heard at an immense distance. Even when running at speed they always gave plenty of tongue, and their great size enabled them to cross the long heather and rough sedgy pasturage of the forest without effort or difficulty.

For courage, strength, speed, and tongue they were unrivalled. Like the game they pursued, they never APPEARED to be putting forth all their powers of speed, and yet few horses could live with them in the open. Their rarest quality, perhaps, was their sagacity in hunting in water. Every pebble, every overhanging bush or twig which the deer might have touched, was quested as they passed up or down the stream, and the CRASH with which the scent, if detected, was acknowledged and announced made the whole country echo again.

Nor must I forget to notice the staunchness with which they pursued their game, even when the scent had been stained by the deer passing through a herd of his own species, or through fallow deer in a park. Wonderful, indeed, was the unerring instinct they displayed in carrying on the scent, disregarding the lines, which, spreading right and left around the track of the hunted deer, would, it might well be supposed, have been fatal to their power of keeping on foot of their quarry. Like all hounds I have ever seen hunting the deer in this country, they ran almost in a line one after the other, not carrying a head, like fox-hounds, but each hound apparently revelling in the scent, and doing his work for himself; not putting his faith in his neighbour, but trusting to his own nose, and that alone.

The importance of the two qualifications of stag-hounds above mentioned, viz. sagacity in hunting in the water, and staunchness in pursuing a hunted deer through the herd and upon stained ground, is well known to every man

the combe, and I made it good the other side." And he jumps off his pony, and picking up a stone by the fence he shows on the soft ground beneath it the broad heel and blunt toes which denote the right animal. A warrantable stag should be, with due allowance for the state of the ground, two inches broad at the heel, and this slot is even two and a half. "A heavy deer by the look of him," observes the huntsman, catching sight of another slot in some soft mud where the deer's dew-claws are plainly visible. Then without more talking the tufters are laid on the drag, and master and harbourer trot off to different paths. The scent is not over strong, but the tufters carry the line on steadily, and then suddenly one of them speaks and the rest join chorus. But there is no crash and rattle of bushes as when a stag jumps up, and nothing can be seen yet. They run on some little way and turn upward (all covers in the stag-hunting country are on hill-sides), and presently up come a hind and calf before the master on the path where he is riding. The old lady follows the path some little way and then turns in on a well-beaten track; it would be no trouble to her to go through the thicket, but then the calf could not keep up. The hounds are stopped without difficulty, and we proceed to draw further on. Again they hit a line and bring it across the path where the master is stationed. "Nothing has come up," he observes to the huntsman as they canter on the path together. "Best let 'em go on and see what it is," is the brief and not unexpected answer. But suddenly the tufters are heard turning towards them, and the huntsman, with his eye on the ground, stops like a shot and calls the hounds off. Why? He has seen a slot which tells him we are hunting the heel of another and younger stag that came down into the cover some time this morning. Again we draw on where we first began, and at last we hear a single hound speak as if baying, and the rushing of the rest of the tufters as they hurry to the spot; then a chorus and a crash, and for a moment we see a great brown body spring through the air, catch a glimpse of a heavily antlered head well laid back, and hear the rattle of the bushes as he bursts through them. The right animal at last; he is up, and the tufters are running him merrily. But is he away? Not yet. The day is hot and our friend is fat; moreover, he is the biggest and finest stag in the covers. Why should he, the master of the herd, make sport for us? That is the business of the young ones, and he means to find one to do it; and accordingly he proceeds to beat the cover for a substitute. This is a very frequent and well-known trick in old stags—they will push up deer after deer, and lying close in their beds from which they have thrust them, wait quietly while the hounds press on after the unfortunate substitute. In such cases the hounds must be stopped and taken back to hunt up to the old sinner and rouse him once more. It is

astonishing to see the numbers of deer that may be roused in this way ; hounds have constantly been known to draw a cover blank which becomes alive with deer directly another deer passes through it. It is fair to say that the substitute roused by a stag sometimes resents the interference. It was my good fortune once to see two stags on Haddon Hill actually turn and fight, with the hounds close to them, to decide which should be the victim ; and a similar sight was seen on Lee Hill so lately as the season of 1885.

HON. JOHN FORTESCUE, 1887.

A Song of Exmoor

THE forest above and the Combe below,
On a bright September morn !
He's the soul of a clod who thanks not God
That ever his body was born !
So hurry along, the stag's afoot,
The Master's up and away !
Halloo ! Halloo ! we'll follow it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !

(*Chorus*) So hurry along, the stag's afoot,
The Master's up and away !
Halloo ! Halloo ! we'll follow it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !

Hark to the tufters' challenge true,
'Tis a note that the red-deer knows !
His courage awakes, his covert he breaks,
And up to the moor he goes !
He's all his rights and seven on top,
His eye's the eye of a king,
And he'll beggar the pride of some that ride
Before he leaves the ling !

Here comes Antony bringing the pack,
Steady he's laying them on !
By the sound of their chime you may tell that it's time
To harden your heart and be gone.

Nightcott, Narracott, Hunacott's passed,
Right for the North they race :
He's leading 'em straight for Blackmoor Gate,
He's setting a pounding pace !

We're running him now on a breast-high scent,
But he leaves us standing still ;
When we swing around by Westland Pound
He's far up Challacombe Hill.
The pack are a string of struggling ants,
The quarry's a dancing midge,
They're trying their reins on the edge of the chains
While he's on Cheriton Ridge.

He's gone by Kittuck and Lucott Moor,
He's gone by Woodcock's Ley ;
By the little white town he's turned him down,
And he's soiling in open sea.
So hurry along, we'll both be in,
The crowd are a parish away !
We're a field of two, and we've followed it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !

(*Chorus*) So hurry along, the stag's afoot !
The Master's up and away !
Halloo ! Halloo ! we'll follow it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT, 1910.

On Stags' Horns

UNTIL he is one year old, the male deer has no horns. In his second year he has a knob of bones, about two inches in height, thrown out at each side of the head. At the age of three, a spire of upright horn, about six to eight inches high, with a brow antler projecting from the spire close to the base of the horn, grace the deer's head. At four we find the animal bearing the spire about fourteen inches long, with the brow antler and another projection, called among us the "tray." At five the "bay" antlers are added to the points found on the four-year-old deer (not invariably, however, as in some stags the "bay" is never thrown

out ; in others it will be found on one horn but not on the other). At six the stag has points or "rights" before named, with three points on the top of one horn and two on the other ; and at eight years old he has three points on top of each horn. He is then known to the sportsman as a stag with "three on top" and is frequently, though erroneously, called a royal hart. After the age of seven or eight years the alteration in the horns becomes less marked than it was before that age. Generally speaking, however, the "beam" or main horn increases in size and length as the stag grows older—the horn becomes wider in its spread and more serrated or gnarled on the surface, the points or rights become longer ; and in some very old stags the top of the beam spreads so as to become, to a certain extent, palmated, and the points borne on the palm or cup increase in number. I have seen as many as seven points on the top of a very old stag's horn.

The period at which stags shed their horns is the spring, and generally about the middle or the latter end of April. The exact time depends in some measure on the age of the stag and the temperature of the winter and spring. Should the winter be cold and the spring protracted, I have known the stags shed their horns as late as May ; the old stags in the beginning, and the young deer at the end of the month. It is very rarely, however, that an old stag is seen with his horns on after the beginning of May ; but a two-year-old deer will carry his horns for a month or two later. Before the period arrives when the stag is about to cast or shed his horns he retires to the deepest and thickest coverts, and there remains secluded until his new horns begin to sprout. He then leaves the tangled thickets, and seeks the open moors and heaths, or if these be far distant from his usual haunts, he retreats to timber woods and grown-up plantations. Instinct teaches him to do this, as the extreme sensitiveness and tenderness of the velvet-covered substance destined to grow into a branching antler are such, that he cannot endure the touch of the coppice wood or furze brake in which he has hidden himself, as if for very shame, since his former coronet dropped from his brow. So vascular and delicate is the velvet, that the slightest abrasion is followed by blood ; and the scar resulting from an injury during the infancy of the horn may frequently be discovered on the hard substance when the "head" has come to maturity. The life which the animals lead during this period is by no means enviable. Flies irritate and plague them ; the least contact with a hard substance causes pain or apprehension ; and the fear in which they live, of suffering pain, is observable in all their motions and actions. They may be seen standing in the same place for hours at a time, their heads bent low, twitching their ears and stamping their feet incessantly, to drive away the winged pests by which they are haunted and annoyed.

CHARLES PARK COLLYNS, 1862.



THE EPPING FOREST STAG HUNT

John Constable



A Runnable Stag

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,
And apples began to be golden-skinned,
We harboured a stag in the Priory coomb,
And we feathered his trail up-wind, up-wind,
We feathered his trail up-wind—
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, bray and tray and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
And "Forward" we heard the harbourer shout ;
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out,
From the underwood antlered out
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beamed and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North ;
And the hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
"Tally-ho ! tally-ho !" and the hunt was up,
The tufters whipped and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,

And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

“Let your gelding be : if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you’re out of the hunt ;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustomed to bear the brunt,
Accustomed to bear the brunt,
And after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right and runnable stag.”

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead—
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far ;
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,
By the densest hedge and highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
Of harbourer, hounds and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, the runnable stag.

When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,
In a wonderful vision of sleep,

A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he opened his nostrils wide again,
And he tossed his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down the Cherlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen.
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jewelled bed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag.

JOHN 'DAVIDSON, 1857-1909.

Exmoor at Night

HUSH, on the moorland the moonlight is falling ;
Come, brother sportsmen, I'll show you the way.
Men of the chase, ever true to your calling,
Come you to Exmoor and do not delay.

Mark the wild country-side rolling and sweeping,
Hills where the breeze is unfetter'd and free.
Over the open the night mist is creeping
Acre by acre away to the sea.

Hush, on the hill-side now watch them collecting,
Phantoms of sportsmen, well known in the West,
Shades of departed ones deftly selecting
Each his path on the steed he loves best.
Look, does it touch you and fill you with pleasure ?
It will, I know well, if you're right at the core :
A sportsman will always remember and treasure
The men of his craft, who are living no more.
See them, that army of phantoms converging,
Down the Doone Valley from over the hill,
Others by Shepherd's Cot, others emerging
Out of the distance so silent and still.
Weird is the spot where the sportsmen are meeting,
Weird is the country and wild is the scene.
Mystic the movement and mystic the greeting,
Solemn the thoughts of the days that have been.
Take them in turn. Look at Babbage arriving
There with the phantom-shaped pack at his heels.
Blackmore the harbourer, each one contriving
To work with the other, as each of them feels.
Bisset the Master of Masters is with them,
On his grey hunter so staunch and so true.
Parson Jack Russell, and Knight, you can spy them,
Signing to Chorley, and old Froude Bellew.
Acland (Sir Thomas), Park Collyns, and others,
Chichesters, Fortescues, Wolronds are there,
Templer, Lord Portsmouth, all craftsmen and brothers,
Move on the moorland, as part of the air.
Yonder they go where the waters are flowing,
Racing away in the silvery gleam.
Devon's best sportsmen are gathering and growing
Out of the moonlight and out of the stream.
Stay, yet two others are crossing the heather,
One from the northward, and one from the West.
Pause ere you state it a fact as to whether
You count Whyte-Melville or Kingsley best.

Look at them now ever stealthily stealing,
Poet and rider and sportsman complete ;
Each wrote of Devon with fervour and feeling,
Each was a horseman whose works were a treat.
Now there's a stir, for the tufters have roused him,
The army of phantoms are moved to the core.
Out from his lair where the harbourer housed him,
Often in life has he led them before.
Mystic, majestic, fair as the morning,
Grey as the mist is this ghost of a deer,
Brow, bay and tray are the horns that adorning
Mark his ripe age, and his moorland career.
Silent and swift are the hundreds that follow,
Over the valley so peaceful and still.
There, where the bracken is brown in the hollow,
There, where the moonbeams are bright on the hill.
Silent and swift they are moving together,
Now the old spirit has roused them to ride,
Crossing the stream, and breasting the heather,
Comrades in chase, as again side by side
Gladly they ride to the horn and the holloa,
Audible only to spirits, I trow.
Follow them, follow them, follow them, follow,
Shades of old Devonshire, follow them now.
After a turn on the moor they are bending
Back toward Hawkcombe Head, back to Glenthorne,
Down to the Severn Sea quickly descending,
Through the fir wood, where the good stag was born.
Stay, see the dawn on the hill-top appearing ;
Spirits must vanish at coming of day.
Fainter the holloa, and fainter the cheering,
Dimly the Phantoms are melting away.
So must you leave them, no longer to linger,
Shades of departed ones dear to us still.
Death laid you low at a touch of the finger,
May we not know you in chase at our will ?

Mix with us yet when the night mist is stealing,
Haunt the old quarters you counted so dear,
Touch the true hearts of true sportsmen with feeling,
Exmoor at night is your own natural sphere.
Move, where the bracken is brown in the hollow,
Move, where the moonbeams are bright on the hill,
Move with the hounds you were eager to follow,
Phantoms of sportsmen, ride up to them still.

W. PHILPOTTS WILLIAMS.

Exmoor

THE brave big hills of Exmoor, 'tis there I love to be,
Upon the rolling moorlands high above the Severn Sea,
Where hidden in the wooded coombe the murm'ring Horner winds,
And where beneath the hunter's moon the red stag guards his hinds.
Across the wind-swept barrows the blackcock wings his way,
And far above in circling flight the buzzard marks his prey :
Amongst the firs of Lilliecombe the hounds are running fast,
The red fox slinks into the gorse until the hunt is past.
I see the moorland ponies start at sound of hound and horn,
And echoing music of the pack upon the breezes borne ;
I see the stag with stately head fresh roused from leafy lair,
Pause as he leaves the shelt'ring wood and sniff the tainted air.
At midnight when the moon sails up o'er Dunkery's stony ridge,
The ghostly Doones come riding out across the Robbers' Bridge.
I hear them ride with tramp of hoof, and clank of bit and chain,
Just as they rode in olden days for vengeance or for gain.
I can see the sea-mist creeping o'er the moorlands far and wide,
Whilst faintly from the distance comes the murmur of the tide ;
I see the gloom of thunderclouds upon the distant hills,
And shadowed goyals laced with threads of swiftly running rills.
I smell the honey of the gorse which scents the golden spring,
I see the purple carpet of the heather and the ling ;
I can hear the curlews calling as o'er the moor they flight,
I can hear the brown owls hooting amongst the trees at night.

So when I'm tired of London and all its weary ways,
 I look away to Westward and think of golden days
 Away down in the West Country, where I would like to be,
 On the rolling hills of Exmoor, high above the Severn Sea.

SIR FRANCIS C. GOULD, 1911.

“Harkaway”

THEN urge on your steed, for he never must lag
 Who through the wild heather goes hunting the stag ;
 Hunting the stag,
 Hunting the stag,
 Who through the wild heather goes hunting the stag.
 Tally-ho ! Gone away ! are the sounds that I hear,
 For the tufters have started a noble red deer.
 Then forward, hark forward ! o'er moorland and hill,
 Through the verdure-clad woodlands and swift-flowing rill ;
 O'er the emerald glades and the wild trackless waste,
 Knee-deep in the bracken we ride in hot haste.
 Hark, hark, from yon valley come musical sounds :
 'Tis the horn of the huntsman, the cry of the hounds.
 He rises yon steep hill ; he bends to the west,
 And hides in a leafy combe, panting for rest.
 But his foes are upon him, close, close on his track
 And vainly he flies from the bloodthirsty pack.
 Hard pressed is our quarry—for dear life he flies ;
 The hounds gain upon him ; he lists to their cries.
 Then the headland is reached, from the tall cliff he bounds,
 And in the wild ocean escapes from the hounds.
 Resigned to his fate, o'er the waters he's borne,
 And dies on the wild waves that break on Glenthorne.
 So urge on your steeds, for he never must lag
 Who through the wild heather goes hunting the stag.

F. F. WHITEHURST, 1879.

AND now the good stag flies before
His deep-mouthed foes across the moor,
And swifter than the morning wind
Leaves Badgeworthy far, far behind ;
Then breasts the distant hills, nor feels
The peaty turf with flying heels ;
Now sniffs the wreathing mist that laves
The purple moor, whose rolling waves
Of grass and heather, far and nigh,
Grow dark against the thunderous sky.

Ballad.

HARE-HUNTING

A HUNT'S UP!

"HARK! the lark begins his flight,
And singing, startles the dull light.
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Now the dappled dawn doth rise;
Still he comes in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bids good-morrow,
Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.
Listen how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill."

MILTON, 1608-1674.

HARRIERS to be good, like all other hounds, must be kept to their own game: if you run fox with them, you spoil them. Hounds cannot be perfect, unless used to one scent, and one style of hunting. Harriers run fox in so different a style from hare, that it is of great disservice to them when they return to hare again: it makes them wild, and teaches them to skirt. The high scent which a fox leaves, the straightness of his running, the eagerness of the pursuit, and the noise that generally accompanies it, all contribute to spoil a harrier.—BECKFORD, 1781.

The Hunter and His Career

LONG ere the morn
Expects the return
Of Apollo from the ocean queen ;
Before the creak
Of the crow, and the break
Of day in the welkin seen ;
Mounted he'd halloo
And cheerfully follow
To the chase with his bugle clear :
Echo doth he make,
And the mountain shake,
With the thunder of his career.

Now bonny Bay
In his foin waxeth grey ;
Dapple-grey waxeth bay in his blood,
White Lily stops
With the scent in her chaps,
And Black Lady makes it good.
Poor silly Wat,
In this wretched state,
Forgets these delights to hear ;
Nimbly she bounds
From the cry of the hounds,
And the music of their career.

Hills with the heat
Of the galloper's sweat,
Reviving their frozen tops,
And the dale's purple flowers,
That droop from the showers
That down from the rowels drop.

Swains their repast,
 And strangers their haste,
 Neglect when the horns they do hear,
 To see a fleet
 Pack of hounds in a sheet
 And the hunter in his career.

Thus he careers
 Over heaths, over mears,
 Over deeps, over downs, over clay ;
 Till he hath won
 The noon from the morn,
 And the evening from the day.
 His sport then ends
 And joyfully wends
 Home again to his cottage, where
 Frankly he feasts
 Himself and his guests,
 And carouses in his career.

Ballad, 1682.

Sir Roger de Coverley

SIR ROGER, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles, and got a pack of Stop-hounds.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down ; and upon the chaplain's offering me to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arms ; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are



HARE HUNTING

J. C. Ibbetsen

insignificant, rode up to me and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering Yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion, that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying Stole away.

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds.

The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or, in hunter's language, Flying the country, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheel'd about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs sometime afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them. If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted Liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything round me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure.—EUSTACE BUDGELL, 17—.

Uncouple at the Timerous Flying Hare

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me :
Uncouple at the timerous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounters dare :
 Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
 The many musits through the which he goes
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

And sometime she runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell.
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
 And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
 Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
 Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616.

Thy Jolly Hounds

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,
With double Blessings crowns the Farmer's Hopes ;
Where Flower's autumnal Spring, and the rank Mead
Affords the wandering Hares a rich Repast ;
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glittering Dew.
If some stanch Hound, with his authentick Voice,
Avow the recent Trail, the justling Tribe
Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,
The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
Repeat the pleasing Tale. See how they thread
The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along !
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager Haste ; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious Consort breaks ; 'till more assur'd
With joy redoubled the low Vallies ring.
What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way !
Ah ! there she lies ; how close ! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,
With Horror seized. The wither'd Grass that clings
Around her Head, of the same russet Hue
Almost deceived my sight, had not her Eyes
With Life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.

At distance draw thy Pack, let all be hush'd,
 No Clamour loud, no frantick Joy be heard,
 Let the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain
 Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
 Now gently put her off; see how direct
 To her known Muse she flies! Here, Huntsman, bring
 (But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
 And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
 And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
 With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming Steam
 That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let loose
 From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,
 They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn.
 Hope gives them Wings, while she's spur'd on by Fear,
 The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and Woods
 In the full Consort join.
 Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,
 Vexations, Sickness, Cares? All, all are gone,
 And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, 1677-1743.

A Run with the Goose and Dumpling Hunt

THE hounds are of a breed now seldom seen—long, low, mealy reddish, whole-coloured hounds, inclining to a brownish-grey along the back. They are fine-headed, fine-coated, and fine-sterned animals, with light musical tongues, and power and pace quite equal to, but not over-match for, the best and wildest of their moor-edge hares. They look like harriers, and are very much of the colour of the hare itself.

Hares were not very plentiful, and half an hour elapsed ere Simon Dribets telegraphed a find.

Unlike a fox, the hare puts no one in a fluster or hurry about a start. She is generally so accommodating as to wait till she is set a-going by some one turning her out of her form.

Mr. Dribets having seen Trumper and Joe's backs turned across the field

again with the hounds in their wake, just started her quietly and let her steal away at her leisure.

All was on the silent system. No views, no hallooing, no heads staring up in the air. The hounds were never taken off their noses. Mr. Trumper just drew them across the line, and, as if by magic, they struck the scent; after a wild scream of delight, that thrilled through the field, the hounds went away at score. Puss, though far ahead, was still within hearing distance, and having had a round with them before, mended her pace, and pressed away for the open.

The field had now got gathered together from their respective beats, and each man was hugging his horse as though he were bent on destruction.

Mr. Trumper rode first, and they all fell into places like a troop of horse, the chaplain and Joe bringing up the rear. "This way, young man!" cried Trumper to Scott, seeing he was going to take the line of the hounds, instead of following a field road through a line of gates that rather bent away from them. "This way," he said, pointing with his whip. "She'll turn at yon pasture end and skirt the turnips," said he, "and we shall catch them up at the cow-shed in the field but one beyond."

Trumper was right. The hounds ran to the very point he predicted, and came out into Newsell's-lane by the cow-shed—all busy and bustling like bees.

"You never saw better hounds than those!" observed Mr. Trumper sotto voce, pointing to them in ecstasy.

"No," said Joe, who happened to be within hearing. Presently the pace mended, and the trot that had been pertinaciously maintained was converted into a canter, some of the fatties standing up in their stirrups as if for the purpose of easing their horses, though as yet they had done nothing.

Still they kept the lanes and field roads, which appeared to turn up most accommodatingly whatever way Puss pointed.

Sometimes, indeed, they seemed to turn their backs on hounds, and to be riding away from them altogether; but it was only momentary and they presently found themselves at some pet gap or friendly rail, which, succumbing to the heavy-hammered whips, set them on the line again.

So they went on, from lane to field, and from field to lane, for some time, the pace being occasionally good, but never great—the music beautiful.

Great was the astonishment of the field when, after a short check, where the hounds overran the line, Twister, with something between a note and a yell, struck the scent down a newly-built wall pointing direct for the moors.

"Great Heavens! she can't have gone for the hills!" ejaculated Tom Hobbler-trot, with a lively recollection of a deep bog he had been in on the moors.

Towler, Lovely, Ruffler, Cottager, Guider, all the unerring ones of the pack, however, confirmed the surmise, and that, too, with an energy leaving no room for doubt.

The scent had improved, and they went away at score. They packed beautifully—close as turnips.

They were now upon the moors, with nothing to fear but bogs and holes and ruts, things that did not seem to be included in the list of casualties of the Goose and Dumpling Hunt, for all the members began charging abreast instead of following in the goose fashion they had been pursuing before.

The hounds were long out of sight ; indeed they had run up a ravine ; but the fatties saw by the staring of the sheep the line they had taken, and the field jogged on in high exultation at the splendour of the run, and delighted at the idea of astonishing the stranger.

Presently they got within sight of where sheep were still running, or rather wheeling about, and then a shepherd's hat on the sky-line of a far-off hill announced where they were.

Presently they heard the cry of hounds.

"Hold hard !" exclaimed Mr. Trumper, "they are coming towards us. Hark," exclaimed he (pulling up short, and holding up his hand). "Now, Mr. Scott, if you'll come here, I'll show you the hare," said he.

Accordingly, Scott followed him through a narrow defile to the left, and, looking over a hollow in the rocky hill upon the country below, he saw poor Puss dribbling along in a listening sort of canter. The field followed to partake of the treat.

"Oh, she's a fine-un !" exclaimed Mr. Trumper, his eyes sparkling as he spoke ; "but she's pretty well beat," added he ; "she'll most likely begin some of her tricks. These things have far more cunning nor foxes," he added. "Now this is the time," continued he, addressing himself seriously to Scott, "that you wild Fox-hunters would take advantage of, for the purpose of cutting short the diversion, by mobbing, and shouting, and taking every advantage of him ; but we do the thing differently. We let our hounds hunt ; and if they can't kill her fairly, why, they lose her."

The hounds had now descended from the hills and turned the corner of the last angle that shut them out from view. They were working a middling scent, which they caught and lost, and lost and caught alternately.

Puss heard them and regulated her pace by theirs.

Presently she began the tricks Mr. Trumper anticipated. Having got into a small fallow, she dribbled up a furrow above which her back was scarcely visible,

and having run the length of it, she deliberately returned the same way, and with a mighty spring landed in a thick hedgerow.

"That'll puzzle them," said Mr. Trumper, "for the scent is but cold at best, and the wet of yon furrow won't improve what little there is."

"But you'll let them hunt it of course?" observed Scott, thinking Mr. Trumper was paving the way to a little assistance.

"UNDOUBTEDLY," replied Trumper, with a deep side-way inclination of the head—"undoubtedly," repeated Trumper. "WE'D TO TAKE AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF HER. But look how they hunt!" added he. "Did you ever see hounds work better? No babblers, no skitters, no do-nothing gentlemen here. Twelve couple, and all workers. WE keep no cats that don't catch mice, Mr. Scott. Oh, but they're beauties!" added he in ecstasy, as they came hunting her as true as an arrow.

When they got upon the fallow it certainly was not propitious. There wasn't a hound that could speak to the scent, and Twister and Towler alone guided them on the line.

"Those hounds are worth two hundred thousand pounds a-piece to Prince Albert, or any of the royal family who really know what hunting is," whispered Mr. Trumper. "See what confidence they all have in them. Hark! Cottager threw his tongue. That's the first time he's spoke since he came into the field, but he's had scent the whole way. Oh, hare-hunting is beautiful sport, the most delightful amusement under the sun," added he. "There's nothing to compare to it. Is there, Beaney?" continued he, looking over his shoulder to our friend Beanstack, who with the rest of the field were now clustered behind in ardent admiration of their darlings.

"NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING," was vociferated by all.

The hounds had now got to the end of the double and several of the young ones dashed beyond. Not so Twister and Towler, who cast a small semi-circle in advance, and then returned to the spot.

"THAT'S HUNTING NOW!" exclaimed Mr. Trumper; "your wild Fox-dogs would have been half over the next parish by this time, but those hounds won't move an inch without a scent. See how they hunt it back. That's something like now. Far better than getting hold of them and pretending to tell THEM what you keep them to tell you, WHICH WAY THE HARE WENT."

Twister now obtruded his nose so near Puss's hindquarters as to cause her to bound out of the hedge to the galvanization of the pack, who, with heads in the air, struck up a strain that set the now freshened horses a-frisking. Away they went in view.

Fairly and coolly down the hill-side now they went, "who-a-ing and gently-ing" to their horses as they unravelled the zigzag of the track.

The pack, meanwhile, were screaming and streaming away in the distance.

When they had all landed at the bottom and shaken themselves, and those who had "led down" remounted, the hounds were fairly out of sight; but Mr. Trumper, nothing daunted, tickled Golumpus into a canter, and putting his head the reverse way to what Scott had seen the hounds going, cut down a long slip of grass land lying between the rocky hills and the enclosures, and taking a sudden twist to the left by the corner of a Turf fence, shot away like a meteor to the north, through a long line of white field gates, whose pleasing perspective opened in the distance.

Where these would have ultimately led to we know not, for when they had got through about half a dozen of them, Mr. Trumper suddenly stopped short as if shot—an evolution so quickly followed by the rest of the cavalry as to have the effect of shooting several of the loose riders on to the pommels of their saddles.

Trumper saw the hare! Indeed they all saw her; but Trumper saw her first.

She was bearing right down upon them, in a style that would most inevitably have led to a collision, had they not pulled up. Full of what was going on behind her, she never thought of looking ahead, and nearly ran into them. Poor thing! She came so close that they distinctly saw the curl of warmth on her soiled fur, and the big heaving of her anxious breast.

A hare is a curious mixture of cleverness and stupidity. We see them lobbing and staring along as if they hadn't an idea in their heads, and then all at once they perform tricks worthy of a wizard.

"She's a fine-un," observed Mr. Trumper sotto voce, as he sat, whip erect, staring her out of countenance.

The noise he made had the effect of awaking her to a sense of their presence, and caused her to pop through a meuse in the hedge.

"She's about done," observed he, eyeing the performance, for Trumper can calculate the amount of "goment" left to a nicety.

Tom Hobbletrot then pulled out a great turnip of a watch from his fob, of which having made a good open exposure, he shut it up, with the observation that "it was about time."

The hounds now came towling and picking along with the weak scent of the sinking animal.

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Puss, with a tact often displayed by hunted animals, had selected an enclosure

so cold, so bleak, so barren, that nothing but a few water-weeds grew upon it, and of those there were only barely sufficient to hide her track.

Trumper pulled up as the hounds got upon it, feeling quite incompetent to form the least opinion as to whether she was on, or sideways, or back, or down, or where.

Twister, however, thought she was on, and a greenish spot of land on the rising ground, towards the middle of the enclosure, yielding something that acted upon his frame like a scent, Mr. Trumper moved forward, and Twister spoke to her at the hedgerow.

They were now again upon a large fallow, and Trumper felt the difficulty of picking the cold scent with the danger of starting a fresh hare. However, he went on, eyes well down, in the hopes of seeing something.

The day having changed for the worse, was now getting raw, and the ceremony of hunting by inches, though very interesting to masters, is anything but exhilarating to strangers : at least, having come to about a deadlock—not a hound being able to own the scent, or to carry it a bit further—Scott ventured to suggest that it was all “U P.”

“Gad, now do you know, I thought you’d be saying that,” replied Trumper, starting round. “I never saw a Fox-hunter yet that didn’t think it was time to shut up as soon as they were run out of scent.”

“We’ve been WALKED out,” replied Scott.

“Very true,” retorted Mr. Trumper, “very true,” repeated he, “and that makes me think she won’t be very far off. Gad, sir, she’s under your horse’s nose at this moment !” added he.

“HOLD HARD ! while I draw the hounds off, or they’ll spoil her.”

Then Trumper drew the hounds away, and looking a little ahead, Scott saw what at first looked like a clod, but which on closer observation proved to be poor Puss.

“To be, or not to be,” was the question—a live hare or a dead one.

“SAVE HER !” whispered Scott, “save her ! she’s a good ’un, and will give us a gallop another day. Mercy’s all that’s wanting to make the day’s sport perfect.”

“Well, then, I’ll humour you,” said Trumper, “and let her live, but you must allow she was well hunted.”

“Never saw anything better in my life !” exclaimed our friend ; “it was a most wonderful performance.”

“Wide difference between fox-hunting and hare-hunting, you see,” observed Trumper. “Come away, good dogs ! come away !” hallooed he. “You should

never give a hare up," said he, "when you come to those sort of solemn stops, for, ten to one, she's not far off. A fox would be far off, and the longer you persevere the further you're left behind ; but come, we've had a good day's sport."

SURTEES, 1847.

The Old Squire

I LIKE the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox ;
I like the joyous morning air,
And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,
And ducks asleep by the lake,
The quiet hour which Nature yields,
Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things
Of the unsuspecting morn ;
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings
As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,
For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride,
When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot
In silence after me ;
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
Old Slut and Margery, . . .

A score of names well-used and dear,
The names my childhood knew;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
Is the horn my Father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox;
The new world still is all less fair
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range
Than these dear manors give;
I take my pleasures without change,
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought;
My choice it is, and pride,
On my own lands to find my sport,
In my own fields to ride.

The hare herself no better loves
The field where she was bred
Than I the habit of these groves,
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,
The meuse where she sits low;
The road she chose to-day was run
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,
The hedgerows one and all,
These are the kingdoms of my chase,
And bounded by my wall;

Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare ;
It brings me, day by day,
The memory of old days as fair,
With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply
And pass the churchyard gate,
Where all are laid as I must lie,
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare ;
New sports I hold in scorn ;
I like to be as my fathers were
In the days ere I was born.

W. S. BLUNT, 1914.

Holcombe Song

'Tis a fine hunting day and as balmy as May,
And the hounds to the village will come ;
Every friend will be there, and all trouble and care,
Will be left far behind us at home.
See the servants and steeds on their way,
And sportsmen their scarlet display ;
Let's join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

(*Chorus*) So we'll all go a-hunting to-day,
All nature is smiling and gay ;
Let's join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Father Hodge to his dame says, "I'm sixty and lame,
Times are hard and my rent I can't pay ;
But I don't care a jot if I raise it or not,
For I must go out hunting to-day.
There's a hare in the spinney they say,



Paint by Mr. A. R. Ackermann

JOCKS

GUARDSMAN

BOB HANDY

MR. DELME RADCLIFFE

Artist Unknown



Let us find her, and get her away ;
I'll be first up yon hill, and be in at the kill :
For I must go a-hunting to-day."

(Chorus.)

See the doctor in boots, with a breakfast that suits
Of strong home-brewed ale and good beef ;
His patients in pain say, " I've called once again
To consult you in hope of relief."
To the poor he advice gives away ;
To the rich he prescribes, and takes pay :
But to each one he says, " You'll shortly be dead,
If you don't go a-hunting to-day."

(Chorus.)

Then the judge sits in court, and gets wind of the sport,
For the lawyers apply to adjourn ;
And no witnesses come, there are none left at home,
They have followed the hounds and the horn.
Says his worship, " Great fines shall they pay,
If they will not our summons obey :
But 'tis very fine sport, so we'll break up the court,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day."

(Chorus.)

Then the village bells chime, there's a wedding at nine,
And the parson unites the fond pair ;
But when he heard the sweet sound of the horn and the hounds,
And he knew 'twas his time to be there,
Says he, " For your welfare I'll pray,
And regret I no longer can stay,
You are safely made one, I must quickly be gone :
For I must go a-hunting to-day."

(Chorus.)

None are left in the lurch, for all friends of the church,
With beadles and clerks are all there,
They determine to go and to shout Tally ho !
And the bell-ringers joined in the rear.

With the bridegroom and bride in array,
 Each one to the other did say,
 "Let's join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
 And we'll all go a-hunting to-day."

(*Chorus.*)

There's only one cure for all melody sure,
 That reaches the heart to its core ;
 'Tis the sound of the horn, on a fine hunting morn,
 And where is the heart wishing more ?
 It turneth the grieved into gay,
 Makes pain unto pleasure give way ;
 Makes the weak become strong, and the old become young :
 So we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

(*Chorus*) So we'll all go a-hunting to-day,
 All nature is smiling and gay ;
 Let's join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
 For we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Lancashire Hunting Songs.

NOTE.—The Holcombe Hunt is said to be the oldest pack with a continued existence. The hounds are huge, yet so heavily built that they can be hunted with on foot.

A Charming Morning

THE morning is charming, all nature looks gay,
 Away, my brave boys, to your horses away,
 For the prime of our pleasure is in quest of the Hare,
 We have not so much as a moment to spare.
 Hark, the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,
 To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hound.

O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
 Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry ;
 So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,
 Like the tune of the spheres, and the race of the sun.
 Health, joy, and felicity dance in the rounds,
 And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline ;
A chace of two hours or more she has led,
She's down—look about you—they have her—she's dead.
How glorious a death, to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

Before 1811.

The Warson Hunt

COME, all you jolly hunters bold,
I'll sing you something new,
'Twas in the springing of the year
In eighteen hundred two.
A pack of hounds from Kelly came,
And cobs from far and nigh,
The huntsman swore of oaths a score,
This day a hare shall die.

The Squire was on his silver tail,
The Parson on his bay,
And Surgeon Stone bestrode a roan,
The huntsman rode a grey ;
And some on horses from the plough,
And such as coaches drew,
But some were there on shanks's mare,
And one on crutches too.

They tried the down by Warson town,
At last they start the hare,
And full in view the hounds pursue,
With tiff and taff and tare.
The MASTER said, "I stake my head,
A golden guinea lay,
We'll kill that hare, by George, I swear
Before the turn of day."

Long time they toil'd, with sweat were soiled,
That Puss was not overtook,
Away she wore to Sandry moor,
She leap'd full many a brook.
The Squire he rode with whip and spur
His gallant silver tail;
And they on foot were hard put to 't,
And some began to fail.

Then said the hunters drawing rein,
That Puss us all has beat,
A mighty run, and we well done
Acknowledge our defeat,
And some went east, and some went west,
And some returned south,
But not a few went into Lew
To fill the hungry mouth.

The Squire he opened wide his door
The hunt to entertain,
With beef and beer and such good cheer
As hunters ne'er disdain.
Then it is said, he who staked his head,
That he would kill that day,
He lost his head, all night as dead
Beneath the table lay.

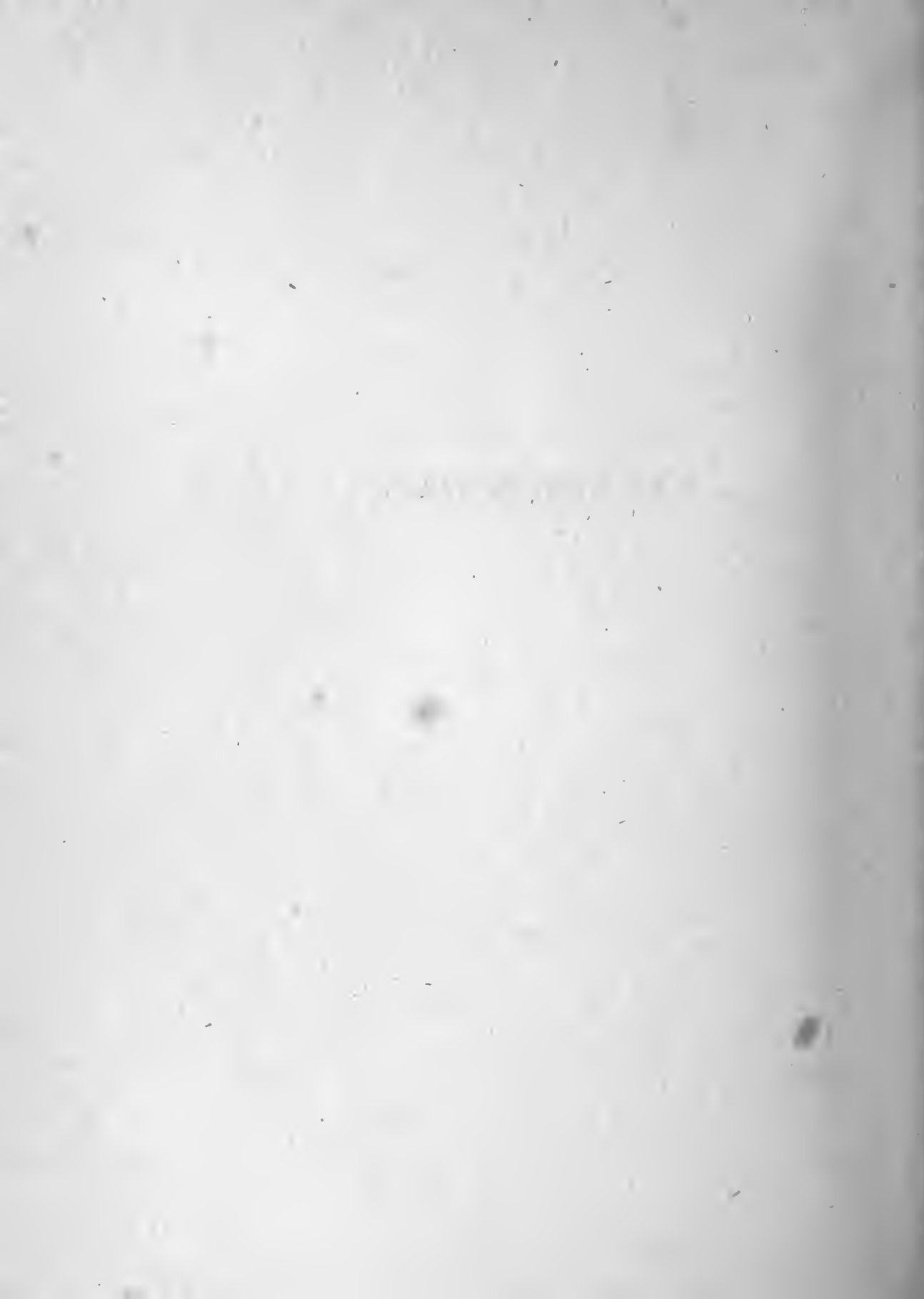
Then, Hay! down derry! let's be merry!
And drink a hunter's toast,
And never swear to kill a hare
Lest we should rue the boast,
Yet—should we fail; on flowing ale
And punch, a royal brew,
We do not care—let's miss our hare,
And lose our heads at Lew.

Ballad, before 1811.

"WHEN I see a chap on the road with a strong pair of shoes and a good cudgel, I say, 'There is a man well mounted for the 'arriers.'"—JORROCKS.

ADVICE TO THE FIELD

WHEN the game is found you cannot be too quiet. The hare is an animal so very timorous, that she is frequently headed back, and your dogs are liable to overrun the scent at every instant. It is best, therefore, to keep a considerable way behind them, that they may have room to turn, as soon as they perceive they have lost the scent; and if treated in this manner, they will seldom overrun it much. Your hounds through the whole chase should be left almost entirely to themselves; nor should they be hallooed much. When the hare doubles, they should hunt through those doubles; nor is a hare hunted fairly when hunted otherwise. They should follow her every step she takes, as well over greasy fallows as through flocks of sheep; nor should they ever be cast, but when nothing can be done without it.—BECKFORD, 1781.



FOX-HUNTING

AHA, the fox ! and after him they ran ;
And eke with staves many another man.
Ran Coll our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerland,
And Malkin with her distaff in her hond.
Ran cow and calf, and eke the veray hogges,
So fered were for the berking of the dogges,
And shouting of the men and women eke,
They ronnen so, hem thought her hertes brake.

CHAUCER, 1340 ?-1400.

We are all of us great judges of hunting.—FACEY ROMFORD.

“Francis Romford,” said he to himself, “if you were the fox, what would you do under these circumstances ?”—FACEY ROMFORD.

A saddler’s is always the place to pick up sporting news, just as the confectioner’s is the one to pick up matrimonial intelligence.—FACEY ROMFORD.

“ A-Hunting We Will Go ”

THE dusky night rides down the sky
And ushers in the morn ;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
Then a-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms and begs him stay ;
“ My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
You will not hunt to-day ? ”
But a-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,

A brushing fox in yonder wood
Secure to find we seek ;
For why ? I carried sound and good,
A cart-load there last week.
And a-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies, the rout
Their steeds all spur and switch ;
Some are thrown in and some are thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
But a-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then hungry homeward we return
 To feast away the night.

Then a-drinking we will go,
 A-drinking we will go,
 A-drinking we will go,
 A-drinking we will go.

H. FIELDING, 1707-1754.

Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky

SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky,
 Proclaims a hunting morning,
 Before the sun rise, we nimbly fly,
 Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.
 To horse, my boys, to horse away,
 The chase admits of no delay ;
 On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.
 On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.
 Leave off your chat, see if the cover appear,
 The hound that strikes first, cheer him without fear.
 Drag on him, ah, wind him, my steady good hound,
 Drag on him, ah, wind him, the cover resounds.
 How completely the cover and furze they draw,
 Who talks of Bany or Meynell ?
 Young Lasher he flourishes now thro' the shaw,
 And Saucebox roars out in his kennel.
 Away we fly as quick as thought,
 The new-sown ground soon makes them fault ;
 Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast round,
 Try back the deep lane, try back, try back.
 Hark, I hear some hounds challenge in yonder spring sedge.
 Comfort Bitch hits it off in that old thick hedge.
 Hark forward, hark forward, have at him, my boys,
 Hark forward, hark forward, zounds, don't make a noise.

A stormy sky overcharged with rain,
 Both hounds and huntsmen opposes.
 In vain on your mettle, you try, boys, in vain,
 But down you must go to your noses.
 Each moment the sky now grows worse,
 Enough to make a parson curse ;
 Prick thro' the plow'd ground, prick through, prick through ;
 Well hunted, good hounds, well hunted, well hunted.
 If we can but get on, we shall soon make him quake ;
 Hark, I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of the brake,
 Tally-ho, tally-ho, there across the green plain,
 Tally-ho, tally-ho, boys, have at him again.

Thus we ride, whip and spur, for a two hours' chace,
 Our horses go panting and sobbing,
 Young Madcap and Riot begin now to race.
 Ride on, Sir, and give him some mobbing.
 But hold, alas, you'll spoil our sport,
 For thro' the Hounds you'll head him short,
 Clap round him, dear pack, clap round, clap round ;
 Hark, Drummer, hark back, hark back, hark back.
 He's jumping and dodging in every bush,
 Little Riot has fasten'd her teeth in his brush.
 Whoo'hoop, whoo'hoop, he's fairly run down,
 Whoo'hoop, whoo'hoop, he's fairly run down.

Crampton Ballads, before 1811.

“ The Find ”

YON sound's neither sheep-bell nor bark,
 They're running—they're running, Go hark.
 The sport may be lost by a moment's delay ;
 So whip up the puppies and scurry away.
 Dash down through the cover by dingle and dell,
 There's a gate at the bottom, I know it full well ;
 And they're running—they're running,
 Go hark.

They're running—they're running, Go hark,
One fence and we're out of the park ;
Sit down in your saddles and race at the brook,
Then smash at the bullfinch ; no time for a look ;
Leave cravens and skirthers to dangle behind ;
He's away for the moors in the teeth of the wind,
And they're running—they're running, Go hark,
Go hark.

They're running—they're running, Go hark.
Let them run on and run till it's dark.
Well with them we are, and well with them we'll be,
While there's wind in our horses and daylight to see ;
Then shog along homeward, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all night,
Of—they're running—they're running, Go hark.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875.

The Hunting Field

IF we take an old map of a county, it looks like a barren plain instead of the divided, town-dotted, populous region of the present day, and though in riding over it we may be told that this is Thisselton Moor, or that Wideopen Common, there is nothing to indicate such regions but by name. Moors, open fields, common lands, etc., are all favourable to hunting, not only as tending to promote the straightforward progression of the chase, but in preventing the honourable contention of arriving first at big leaps ; for it may be observed, that men are never jealous of each other so long as there is no fencing. Our forefathers, therefore, had every chance of being sportsmen ; for besides having no rivalry or emulation among themselves, the lengths of their runs, with the softness of their steeds, tended to make the riders save them at all points. With the exception, too, of perhaps some half-dozen hunts, Mr. Beckford's, Mr. Meynell's, Lord Talbot's, Lord Yardborough's, Lord Fitzwilliam's, and a few others, the majority of the packs were either trencher fed, or only kennelled during the winter ; a couple or so of hounds, perhaps, being kept at the house of each follower, whose attention would be riveted on his darlings in the chase, instead of diverted to the rasping



YOU'RE OVER

By "Phil"

Look by Mr. Walter T. Spencer

Thompson or the bruising Jobson. These hunts were doubtless very popular, for there is nothing so taking as a bustle and stir, in which all are at liberty to share. That is what makes a contested election so popular. Men come out, and fuss, and canvass, and strut, and swagger, who are heard of no more until another contest comes round. There was another characteristic attendant on many hunts in former days, which is almost wholly lost sight of now—namely, hunts that used to hunt hare till Christmas, and fox after. We never hear of such establishments now—at least not avowedly—though there are doubtless some that will hunt hare either before or after Christmas; but there are still those ubiquitous gentlemen, the “oldest inhabitant,” whose retentive memories are charged with the miraculous doings of the past—how they dragged up to Reynard by daybreak—how Jowler unkennelled him—how Towler hit him off at the road, and what a dance he led them over hill and dale, till all the foot people were shaken off, and half the horses sent home sad and tired. These half-and-half hunts had an advantage not apparent at first sight, which bears upon the heading of our chapter. By running hare till after Christmas sportsmen got their soft horses into condition for the lengthened and more fatiguing fox chases that took place after.

The condition of hunters was certainly not generally understood or perhaps attended to, until about twenty years ago, when “Nimrod” essayed his letters on the subject. We do not mean to say that large first-rate establishments were ignorant of the subject, but certainly tired, stopping, and dying horses were much more common before he wrote than they have been since.

SURTEES, 1846.

John Peel

D'YE ken John Peel with his coat so gay ?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day ?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning ?
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
Peel's “View halloo” would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
Peel's " View halloo " would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul
If we want a good hunt in the morning.
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
Peel's " View halloo " would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay ?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day,
Now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
Peel's " View halloo " would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES, about 1825.

NOTE.—John Peel of Caldbeck was born on 13th November, 1776. He came of an old Yeoman stock. He stood 6 feet 1 inch in his stockings and was big limbed and broad shouldered. He kept a pack of 12 couple of mongrels of all sorts and sizes and was his own huntsman and whip until his son John was old enough to act as his whipper-in. The author of the song, John Woodcock Graves, was a mill-owner in the district and a friend of Peel's. He wrote the song to be sung to the tune of " Annie Laurie." John Peel died after a short illness on 13th November, 1854.

“The Meynell Hunt”

FRIENDS, your patience I crave while I tip you a stave,
And whisper a word in your ear ;
For I sing of the sound of the horn and the hound,
Which the saddest of hearts needs must cheer ;
For I sing of the hounds of the Meynell,
The world cannot boast such a kennel,
And a man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

These good hounds in chase to the best won't give place,
For of good ones they're surely the pick ;
When the scent is breast high, swift as pigeons they fly,
When 'tis cold to the line close they stick,
For they can both find, hunt and kill, and the man who denies it knows nil.
If your mount is a hack, pray don't hunt with this pack,
Or get down you assuredly will.
Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell,
The world cannot boast such a kennel,
And a man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

'Tis the first of November, the opening day,
At Sudbury coppice they've met.
There's a scent in the cover the knowing ones say,
There's a fox for a fiver I'll bet.
For it's Tally-ho ! forrard away, his line is for Potter's I'll lay.
If you're game for a lark, there are pales in the park,
Take a good lot of jumping they say.
Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell,
The world cannot boast such a kennel,
And a man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

O'er the pastures beyond they are racing like mad,
 As though they were tied to his brush ;
 Though the fences are blind, the real good 'uns don't mind,
 For a cropper they care not a rush.
 'Twixt the best friends 'tis war to the knife, each vows he'll be first in the strife,
 And the man that is in it will swear that each minute
 Was worth all the rest of his life.
 Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell,
 The world cannot boast such a kennel,
 And the man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
 To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

Now the good 'uns sit down, for I'll wager a crown
 There'll be some wet jackets ere long ;
 From the brook they don't shrink, though it's up to the brink,
 And the current runs deucedly strong.
 Shake him up, catch him fast by the head, for never shall truly be said,
 That a Derbyshire man, when he's leading the van,
 Of the biggest place ere had a dread.
 Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell,
 The world cannot boast such a kennel,
 And the man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
 To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

Yonder's Potter's so snug where we're sure of a jug
 Of good beer, and good bread and good cheese ;
 Throw the reins on his neck, for you've time while we check
 To enjoy these good things at your ease.
 But it's Tally-ho ! forrard away, a labourer's viewed him they say ;
 Ere you reach Hilton Gorse you'll know whether your horse
 Cannot only gallop but stay.
 Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell,
 The world cannot boast such a kennel,
 And the man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
 To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

"Moy oyes, e's a winder," the labourer said,
"And 'e's gone past 'ere ten minutes quoite.
'Is tag it were whoite and 'is coot it were red ;
Yo'll non ketch Bow'd Reynolds to-night.
Moy oyes, but yo' canna joomp theere, it's seven foot 'oigh very near.
There's a ditch at t'fur soide most tremenjously woide,
A's joomped it, boy goy, joomped it clear ! "
Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell,
The world cannot boast such a kennel,
And the man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

Now the front rank grows small, for full many's the fall
That their numbers has thinned since the find ;
Some have bellows to mend, many pray for the end,
For they're getting most sadly behind.
But the customers sit down and ride, determined whate'er may betide
To be able to say of that glorious day,
I was there when the gallant fox died.
Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell,
The world cannot boast such a kennel,
And the man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

See yonder he goes, you can see by the crows
That are circling and wheeling above him,
Though the moment is nigh when this good fox must die ;
Though we all want to kill him we love him.
See the fox and the hounds in one field, but he'll fight to the death ere he yield.
Ah, hark to that yell, 'tis poor Reynard's death knell,
The fate of the rover is sealed.
Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell,
The world cannot boast such a kennel,
And the man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

FREDERICK COTTON, 18—.

The Old Grey Fox

WE started from the Valley's Pride,
And Farnham way we went.
We waited at the cover-side,
But never found a scent.
Then we tried the withy beds
Which grow by Frensham town,
And there we found the old grey fox,
 The same old fox,
 The game old fox,
Yes, there we found the old grey fox,
Which lives on Hankley Down.

(*Chorus*) So here's to the master,
 And here's to the man!
 And here's to twenty couple
 Of white and black and tan!
 Here's a find without a wait!
 Here's a hedge without a gate!
 Here's the man who followed straight
 Where the old fox ran.

The member rode his thoroughbred,
The doctor had the grey,
The soldier led on a roan red,
The sailor rode the bay,
Squire was there on his Irish mare,
And the parson on the brown;
And we chased the old grey fox
Across the Hankley Down.

(*Chorus*) So here's to the master,
 And here's to the man!
 And here's to twenty couple
 Of white and black and tan!

Here's a find without a wait !
Here's a hedge without a gate !
Here's the man who followed straight
Where the old fox ran.

The doctor's grey was going strong
Until she slipped and fell ;
He had to keep his bed so long
His patients all got well.
The member he had lost his seat,
'Twas carried by his horse ;
And so we chased the old grey fox,
 The same old fox,
 The game old fox,
That earthed in Hankley Gorse.

(*Chorus*) So here's to the master,
 And here's to the man !
 And here's to twenty couple
 Of white and black and tan !
 Here's a find without a wait !
 Here's a hedge without a gate !
 Here's the man who followed straight
 Where the old fox ran.

The parson sadly fell away,
And in the furze did lie ;
The words we heard the parson say,
Made all the horses shy ;
The sailor he was seen no more
Upon that stormy bay ;
But still we chased the old grey fox
Through all the wintry day.

(*Chorus*) So here's to the master,
 And here's to the man !
 And here's to twenty couple
 Of white and black and tan !

Here's a find without a wait !
Here's a hedge without a gate !
Here's the man who followed straight
Where the old fox ran.

And when we found him gone to ground,
They sent for spade and man ;
But Squire said, " Shame ! The beast was game !
A gammer never ran ! "
His wind and pace have gained the race,
His life is fairly won.
But may we meet the old grey fox,
 The same old fox,
 The game old fox,
Before the year is done.

(*Chorus*) So here's to the master,
And here's to the man !
And here's to twenty couple
Of white and black and tan !
Here's a find without a wait !
Here's a hedge without a gate !
Here's the man who followed straight
Where the old fox ran.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, 1898.

Young Reynard

GRACEFULLEST leaper, the dappled fox-cub
Curves over brambles with berries and buds,
Light as a bubble that flies from the tub,
Whisked by the laundry-wife out of her suds.
Wavy he comes, woolly, all at his ease,
Elegant, fashioned to foot with the deuce ;
Nature's own prince of the dance : then he sees
Me, and retires as if making excuse.

Never closed minuet courtlier ! Soon
Cub-hunting troops were abroad, and yelp
Told of sure scent : ere the stroke upon noon
Reynard the younger lay far beyond help.
Wild, my poor friend, has the fate to be chased.
Civil will conquer : were't other 'twere worse,
Fair, by the flushed early morning embraced,
Haply you live a day longer in verse.

GEORGE MEREDITH, 1828-1909.

MIDNIGHT

THE fox came up by Stringer's Pound ;
He smelt the south-west warm on the ground,
From west to east a feathery smell
Of blood on the wing-quills tasting well.
A buck's hind-feet thumped on the sod,
The whip-like grass snake went to clod,
The dog-fox put his nose in the air
To taste what food was wandering there.
Under the clover down the hill
A hare in form that knew his will.
Up the hill the warren awake
And the badger showing teeth like a rake.
Down the hill the two twin thorpes
Where the crying night-owl waked the corpse,
And the moon on the stilly windows bright
Instead of a dead man's waking light.
The cock on his perch that shook his wing
When the clock struck for the chimes to ring,
A duck that muttered, a rat that ran,
And a horse that stamped, remembering man.

JOHN MASEFIELD, 1917.

SCENT

BOOK 4. SEYMOUR'S Twelve Prints of HUNTERS & RUNNING HORSES, taken in Various Actions.



J. Seymour pinx.

The HUNTER taking a Flying Leap, over a FIVE-BAR GATE.

Printed for George Routledge, Map & Planiseller in St Pauls Church Yard, London



Scent

SHOU'D some more curious Sportsman here inquire,
Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r,
Of tracing Step by Step, or Man or Brute ?
What Guide invisible points out their Way,
O'er the dank Marsh, bleak Hill, and sandy Plain ?
The courteous Muse shall the dark Cause reveal.
The Blood that from the Heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson Tide, then here and there
In smaller Rills parted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ferous Particles evade
Thro' th' open Pores, and with the ambient Air
Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling Brook,
There by th' incumbent Atmosphere compress'd.
The panting Chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perspires,
Leaves a long-streaming Trail behind, which by
The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude Storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the Meridian's Sun's intenser Heat.
To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling,
Hang on the Grass, impregnate Earth and Skies.
With Nostrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,
The vig'rous Hounds pursue, with ev'ry Breath
Inhale the grateful Steam, quick Pleasures sting
Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks repay,
And in triumphant Melody confess
The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air
Depends the Hunter's Hopes.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, 1742.

The Tired Chace

THE Sweat that clogs th' obstructed Pores, scarce leaves
A languid scent.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, 1742.

Scent

EXPERIENCE tells us, that difference of soil occasions difference of scent ; and on the richness and moderate moisture of the soil does it also depend, I think, as well as on the air. At the time when leaves begin to fall, and before they are rotted, we know that the scent lies ill in cover. This alone would be sufficient proof that scent does not depend on the air only. A difference of scent is also occasioned by difference of motion : the faster the game goes, the less scent it leaves. When game has been ridden after and hurried on by imprudent sportsmen, the scent is less favourable to hounds : one reason of which may be, that the particles of scent are then more dissipated : but if the game should have been run by a dog not belonging to the pack, seldom will any scent remain.

I believe it is very difficult to ascertain exactly what scent is : I have known it alter very often the same day. I believe, however, that it depends chiefly on two things—"THE CONDITION THE GROUND IS IN," and "THE TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR" ; both of which I apprehend should be moist, without being wet. When both are in this condition the scent is then perfect ; and vice versa, when the ground is hard and the air dry, there seldom will be any scent. It scarcely ever lies with a north or east wind : a southerly wind without rain, and a westerly wind that is not rough, are the most favourable.

Storms in the air are great enemies to scent, and seldom fail to take it entirely away. A fine sunshiny day is not often a good hunting day ; but what the French call "jours des dames," warm without sun, is generally a perfect one : there are not many such in a whole season. In some fogs, I have known the scent lie high ; in others, not at all ; depending, I believe, on the quarter the wind is in. I have

known it lie very high in a mist, when not too wet ; but if the wet should hang on the boughs and bushes, it will fall upon the scent, and deaden it. When the dogs roll, the scent I have observed seldom lies ; for what reason, I know not : but, with permission, if they smell strong when they first come out of the kennel, the proverb is in their favour : and the smell is prognostic of good luck. When cobwebs hang on the bushes there is seldom much scent. During a white frost, the scent lies high, as it also does when the frost is quite gone. At the time of going off, scent never lies : it is a critical minute for the hounds, in which their game is frequently lost. In a great dew, the scent is the same. In healthy countries where the game brushes as it goes along, scent seldom fails. Where the ground carries, the scent is bad, for a very evident reason, which hare-hunters, who pursue their game over greasy fallows and through dirty roads, have great cause to complain of. A wet night frequently produces good chases, and then the game neither like to run the cover nor the roads. It has been often remarked, that scent lies best in the richest soils ; and countries which are favourable to horses are seldom so to hounds. I have also observed, that in some particular places, let the temperature of the air be as it may, scent never lies.

BECKFORD, 1781.

Scent in Different Countries

WILL GOODALL said in the last letter, dated April 8th, we ever received from him, "I can't say that I have observed any very odd peculiarity of scent in any part of our country ; as with a N.E. wind, and a rising glass, they will run over any part of it, and catch their fox ; but with a west wind, which has been piercing nearly the whole of this blessed season, we have never had a week's good scenting weather." No one living speaks with more authority than Mr. Farquharson, and he gives us, as the result of his observation, that "there is no criterion by which scent can be properly estimated." "I have known," he adds, "a burning scent when apparently there should have been none ; and, vice versa, I have known a great lack of it under the most propitious prospects. I have seen hounds fly in a strong *westerly* wind, which is supposed to be the most unfavourable for scent, and I have seen them run in all weathers and winds. There are, however, some rules which may be considered as regulating more or less the scent. For instance, when the quick-silver is low, the atmosphere is generally disturbed, and in that

case, if not altogether a lack of scent, it is so fluctuating and *catchy* that it varies almost momentarily. On the contrary, however, I have always found that when the quick-silver is steady and settled the scent is good. The condition of hounds has a good deal to do with their noses. Dorsetshire cannot be called a good scenting country in a moist season; the hills and woodlands, however, hold a fair scent, and I was able to place my hounds so as to suit the weather. The last season of my having hounds, I think, was the worst I can recollect for scent."

The Puckeridge is nearly all on the plough, and carries no great scent, and its huntsmen generally like to force the foxes into Essex. The Ainsty is very uncertain, and the Hurworth is good in wet, but bad in dry, as the clay gets as hard as a brick-yard. In the Burton country, scent is not so good as it used to be; and the Southwold is best on Tothill and Greenfield side, and near the Tower on the Moor. When the high Wood Brocklesbury country is dry it fails; in fact, "the more rain the better, both for it and the marshes, and up to our knees and necks in mud, we go best." The Berkeley country, on the contrary, is best when dry; and the Cotswold Hills hold a scent better than the Vale; but the latter country knows no medium, and Harry Ayris always loved most to have it very wet or very dry. In the Heythrop, the scent serves best in wet; and the Oxford side of the country, to wit, the North Aston side, which includes Acton's Barton and Ditchley Wood, is the worst. The Beaufort country is superior to the Heythrop, as it is richer land, and has more grass. Its Wilts side is better scenting, as the Tetbury one requires rain much oftener.

The Grafton country is first-rate, as it has so much grass land; and the Oakley is pretty fair. The Pytchley country is generally favourable to scent, with the exception of the northern part adjoining Bedfordshire, and Badby Wood, which is notoriously the worst scenting covert in the hunt. Woodhay is the best side of the Cravan country, and the Tedworth is very moderate as a whole, especially on Salisbury Plain, where the sheep make matters still worse. Still the Pewsey Vale is good, and so are Roist Woods and Savernake Forest; but they all want wet. In the Quorn country, the Six Hills and the Forest side is capital, and the foxes wilder. In Cheshire the scent differs very little in any part; but in Shropshire, whenever there is scent on Haughmond Hill, there is none in the valley; and the reverse holds good as well. The Woore side of North Staffordshire and the Market Drayton side where they join Sir Watkin, is the best; Bishop's Burnt Woods is favourable to scent generally; but Juryanton Old Park, near Trentham, which is full of young oaks, on a gravelly soil, holds very little except in the wet. The Cheshire side of Sir Watkin is the best; chiefly grass, and holds a rare scent; while the Shropshire side is just the reverse, and without rain

at least once a week, the sport is doubtful. The Old Berkshire shows most sport in a dry season. Becket, Coleshill Buscot, and Farringdon parts are generally good after Christmas, but the scent in its woods is always remarkably variable. In Tarwood they sometimes cannot run a yard, and yet at other times kill their brace of foxes without a check ; and in Cokethorpe, again, we have known them run all day with scarcely any scent, till the fog rose in an October evening, and then account for him in twenty minutes. On Appleton Common they can carry a head in any weather, while Tubney Wood, just over the next ditch, is worst scenting wood in the world.

THE DRUID, 1858.



SOME FAMOUS RUNS



The Killruddery Fox Chace

NOTE.—To be sung to the tune of “Sheelane Gira.” This run took place in the county of Dublin, on December 5, 1744.

HARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
Which to pay your attention, I’m sure cannot fail,
’Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne’er tire,
O’er stone walls and hedges, thro’ dale, bog and briar,
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
’Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again ;
Had Nimrod the mighti’st of hunters been there,
Foregad he had shook like an aspen for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think ’twas no more,
At five in the morning by most of the clocks,
We rode from Killruddery in search of a fox.
The Laughinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray
And Johnny Adair, too, was with us that day,
Joe Dehill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tunable roar ;
“Hark to Wanton,” cried Joe, and the rest were not slack,
For Wanton’s no trifle esteem’d in the pack.
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And every hound joined in the musical din ;
Had Diana been there, she’d been pleas’d to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way ;
As strong from Killeager, as tho’ he could fear none,
Away he brush’d round by the house to Kiltiernan,

To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherry-wood then,
Steep Shank-hill he climb'd, and to Ballymanglen,
Bray Common he crossed, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seem'd to say, "Little I value you all."

He ran Bush's grove, up to Carbery Byrn's ;
Joe Dehill, Hall Preston, kept leading by turns ;
The earth it was open yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to stay out.
To Malpas's high hills was the way then he flew,
At Dalkey stone common we had him in view ;
He drove on by Billock, thro' shrub Glenageary,
And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Roche's-town wood like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, "Sure none dare follow me."
But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettl'd hounds ;
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But ere he could reach to the top of the cliff,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being waylaid and kill'd by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung ;
Thus ended, at length, a most delicate chace,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We returned to Killruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord ;
We talked o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er vary'd for places or wealth.
"Owen Bray baulk'd a leap," says Hall Preston, "'twas odd,"
"'Twas shameful," cried Jack, "by the great living . . ."
Said Preston, "I halloo'd, get on tho' you fall,
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
 For party affairs were consign'd to the court ;
 Thus we finished the rest of the day and the night,
 In gay flowing bumpers and social delight,
 Then till the next meeting bid farewell each brother,
 So some they went one way, and some went another ;
 As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
 So Luna took care in conducting us home.

Ballad, 1764.

The Billesdon Coplow Run

This celebrated run with the Quorn Hounds took place on February 24, 1800, the last year of Mr. Meynell's Mastership. The find was in the Coplow about two o'clock, and they lost him in Enderby Gorse, a run of two hours and fifteen minutes. The distance said to be twenty-eight miles. The author was the Rev. Robert Lowth, son of the Bishop of London of that day, who was one of the field, and was the H.H. mentioned. The poem was re-published in *Bailey's*, 1872.

I

WITH the wind at north-east, forbiddingly keen,
 The Coplow of Billesdon ne'er witness'd, I ween,
 Two hundred such horses and men at a burst—
 All determined to ride—each resolv'd to be first.
 But to get a good start over-eager and jealous,
 Two-thirds, at the least, of these very fine fellows
 So crowded, and hustled, and jostled, and crossed,
 That they rode the wrong way, and at starting got lost.
 In spite of th' unpromising state of the weather
 Away broke the fox and the hounds close together :
 A burst up to Tilton so brilliantly ran,
 Was scarce ever seen in the mem'ry of man !
 What hounds guided scent, or which led the way,
 Your bard—to their names quite a stranger—can't say ;
 Tho' their names had he known, he is free to confess
 His horse could not show him at such a death-pace,
 Villiers, Cholmondeley, and Forester made such a sharp play,
 Not omitting Germaine, never seen till to-day :

Had you judged of these four by the trim of their pace,
At Bilbury you'd think they'd been riding a race.
But these hounds with a scent how they dashed and they fling,
To o'er-ride them is quite the impossible thing !
Disdaining to hang in the wood, thro' he raced,
And the open for Skeffington gallantly faced ;
Where headed and foiled, his first point he forsook,
And merrily led them a dance o'er the brook.
Passed Galby and Norton, Great Stretton and Small,
Right onwards till sweeping to old Stretton Hall,
Where two minutes' check served to show, at one ken,
The extent of the havoc 'mongst horses and men !
Such sighing, such sobbing, such trotting, such walking,
Such reeling, such halting, of fences such baulking ;
Such a smoke in the gaps, such comparing of notes,
Such quizzing each other's daub'd breeches and coats.
Here a man walked afoot, who his horse had half killed,
There you met with a steed who his rider had spill'd ;
In short such dilemmas, such scrapes, such distress
One fox ne'er occasion'd, the knowing confess.
But, alas ! the dilemmas had hardly began,
On for Wigston and Ayleston he resolute ran,
Where a few of the stoutest now slacken'd and panted,
And many were seen irretrievably planted.
The high road to Leicester the scoundrel then crossed,
As Telltale and Beaufremont found to their cost ;
And Villiers esteemed it a serious bore
That no longer could Shuttlecock fly as before.
Even Joe Miller's spirit of fun was so broke
That he ceased to consider the run as a joke.
Then, streaming away, o'er the river he splashed ;
Germaine, close at hand, off the bank Melon dashed !
Why the Dun proved so stout in a scamper so wild—
Till now he had only been rode by a Child.
After him plung'd Joe Miller, with Musters so slim,
Who twice sank, and nearly paid dear for his whim,
Not reflecting that all water Melons must swim.



GOING TO THE MEET

William Shaver



Well soused by their dip on they brushed o'er the bottom,
With liquor on board enough to besot 'em.
But the villain, no longer at all at a loss,
Stretched away like a devil for Enderby Gorse,
Where meeting with many a brother and cousin,
Who knew how to dance a good hay in the furzen.
Jack Raven at length, coming up on a hack
Which a farmer had lent him, whipp'd off the game pack.
Running sulky old Loadstone the stream would not swim,
No longer sport proving a magnet to him.
Of mistakes and mishaps, and what each man befell,
Would the Muse could with justice poetical tell !
Bob Grosvenor, on Plush, tho' determined to ride,
Lost at first a good start, and was soon set aside ;
Tho' he charged hill and dale, not to lose his rare chase,
On Velvet, Plush could not get a footing, alas !
To Tilton sail'd bravely Sir Wheeler O'Cuff,
Where, neglecting thro' hurry to keep a good Luff,
To Leeward he drifts—how provoking a case !—
And was forc'd, tho' reluctant, to give up the chase.
As making his way to the pack's not his forte,
Sir Lawley, as usual, lost half of the sport !
But then the professed philosophical creed,
That " All's for the best " of Master Candide,
If not comfort, Sir R. reconcile may at least,
For on this supposition his sport is the best.

2

Orby Hunter, who seem'd to be hunting his fate,
Got falls to the tune of no fewer than eight.
Basan's King upon Glimpse, sadly out of condition,
Pull'd up, to avoid of being tired the suspicion.
Og did right so to yield, for he very soon found
His worst had he done, he'd have scarce glimpsed a hound.
Charles Meynell, who lay very well with the hounds,
Till at Stretton he nearly arrived at the bounds,

Now discover'd that Waggoner rather would creep
 Than exert his great prowess at taking a leap !
 But when crossing the turnpike he read " Put on here,"
 'Twas enough to make anyone bluster and swear.
 The Waggoner, feeling familiar the road,
 Was resolved not to quit it, so stock-still he stood.
 Yet prithee, dear Charles, why rash vows do you make,
 Thy leave of old Billesdon to finally take ?
 Since from Seg's Hill, for instance, or perhaps Melton Spinney,
 If they go a good pace you are beat for a guinea.
 'Tis money, they say, makes the mare to go kind—
 The proverb has vouched for this time out of mind ;
 But tho' of this truth you admit the full force,
 It may not hold so good of every horse.
 If it did, Ellis Charles need not hustle and hug
 By name, not by nature, his favourite Slug.
 Yet, Slug as he is, the whole of his chase
 Charles ne'er could have seen had he gone a snail's pace.
 Old Gradus, who's fretting and fuming at first,
 Disqualified strangely for such a tight burst,
 Ere to Tilton arriv'd ceas'd to pull and to crave,
 And tho' freshish at Stretton he stepped a Pas grave,
 Where, in turning him over a cramp kind of place,
 He overturned George, whom he threw on his face.
 And on foot to walk home it had sure been his fate,
 But that soon he was caught, and tied up to a gate.

3

Near Wigston occurred a most singular joke :
 Captain Miller avow'd that his leg he had broke,
 And bemoaned in most piteous expressions how hard,
 By so cruel a fracture, to have his sport marr'd.
 In quizzing his friends he felt little remorse,
 To finesse the complete doing up of his horse.
 Had he told a long story of losing a shoe,
 Or of laming his horse, he very well knew

That the Leicestershire creed out this truism worms,
"Lost shoes and dead beat are synonymous terms."
So a horse must here learn, whatever he does,
To die game, as a Tyburn, and "die in his shoes."
Bethel Cox and Tom Smith, Messieurs Bennett and Hawke,
Their nags all contrived to reduce to a walk.
Maynard's Lord, who detests competition and strife
As well in the chase as in social life ;
Than whom nobody harder has rode in his time,
But to crane now and then thinks it no crime,
That he beats some crack riders most fairly may crow,
For he lived to the end, tho' he scarcely knows how.
With Snaffle and Martingale held in the rear,
His horse's mouth open half up to his ear,
Mr. Wardle who threatened great things over-night,
Beyond Stretton was left in most terrible plight !
Too lean to be pressed, yet egged on by compulsion,
No wonder his nag tumbled into convulsion.
Ah ! had he but lost a fore-shoe, or fell lame,
'Twould only his sport have curtail'd, not his fame.
Lorraine, than whom no one his game plays more safe,
Who the last, than the first, prefers seeing by half ;
What with nicking and keeping a constant look-out,
Every turn of the scent surely turn'd to account.
The wonderful pluck of his horse surprised some,
But he knew they were making point-blank for his home.
"Short home" to be brought we all should desire
Could we manage the trick like the Enderby Squire.

4

Wild Shelley, at starting, all ears and all eyes,
Who, to get a good start, all experiments tries ;
Yet contriv'd it so ill as to throw out poor Gipsy,
Whom he rattl'd along as if he'd been tipsy.
To catch them again, but tho' famous for speed,
She never could touch them, much less get a lead.

So dishearten'd, disjointed, and beat, home he swings,
Not much unlike a fiddler hung upon strings.

5

An H.H., who in Leicester never had been,
So, of course, such a tickler ne'er could have seen,
Just to see them throw off, on a raw horse was mounted,
Who a hound had ne'er seen, or a fence had confronted.
But they found in such style, and went off at such score,
That he could not resist the attempt to see more :
So with scrambling and dashing, and one rattling fall,
He saw all the fun up to Stretton's white Hall.
There they anchored—in piight not a little distressing,
The horse being raw, he, of course, got a dressing.
That wonderful mare of Vanneck's, who till now
By no chance ever tir'd, was taken in tow :
And, what's worse, she gave Van such a devilish jog
In the face with her head, plunging out of a bog,
That with eye black as ink, or as Edward's famed Prince,
Half blind has he been, and quite deaf ever since ;
“ But let that not mortify thee, Shackaback.”
She only was blown, and came home a rare hack.

6

There Craven, too, stopp'd, whose misfortune, not fault,
His mare unaccountedly vexed with string-halt ;
And when she had ceased thus spasmodic to prance,
Her mouth 'gan to twitch with St. Vitus's dance.
But how shall describ'd be the fate of Rose Price,
Whose favourite white gelding, conveyed him so nice,
Through thick and through thin, that he vow'd and protested,
No money should part them as long as life lasted ?
But the pace that effected which money could not,
For to part, and in death, was their no distant lot ;
In a fatal blind ditch Carlo Khan's prowess failed,
Where no lancet, nor laudanum either, availed.

More care of a horse than he took could take no man,
 He'd more straw than would serve any lying-in woman.
 Still he died ! Yet just how, as nobody knows,
 It may truly be said, he died "under the Rose."
 At the death of poor Khan, Melton feels such remorse,
 That they've christen'd that ditch "The Vale of White Horse."

7

Thus ended a chase, which for distance and speed
 Its fellows we never have heard of or read ;
 Every species of ground every horse does not suit—
 What's a good country hunter may here prove a brute ;
 And unless for all sorts of strange fences prepared,
 A horse and his rider are sure to be scared.
 This variety gives constant life to the chase,
 But as Forester says, "Sir, what kills is the pace."
 In most other counties they boast of their breed,
 For carrying, at times, such a beautiful head ;
 But these hounds to carry a Head cannot fail,
 And constantly too, for by George there's no Tail.
 Talk of horses and hounds, and the system of kennel,
 Give me Leicestershire nags and the hounds of Old Meynell.

REV. ROBERT LOWTH, 1872.

NOTES

Cholmondeley was riding Malpot.
 Telltale, Mr. Forester's horse.
 Beaufremont, Mr. Maddock's horse.
 Shuttlecock, Lord Villiers' horse, which was a thoroughbred.
 Joe Miller, Mr. Muster's horse.
 Melon, Mr. Germaine's horse.
 The Dun, formerly the property of a Mr. Child.
 Jack Raven, the huntsman.
 Loadstone, the huntsman's horse.
 Plush, Mr. Robert Grosvenor's horse.
 Sir R., Sir Robert Lawley, called Sir Lawley in the Melton district.
 Mr. Oglander, familiarly known as Og.
 Glimpse, Mr. Oglander's horse.
 Waggoner, Mr. Charles Meynell's horse.
 Mr. Meynell had threatened never again to follow the hounds from Billesdon, as no horse could carry his weight up to them in that part of the country.

Palatine, a young horse lent to the author.

Slug, Mr. Charles Ellis's horse.

Gradus, Mr. George Ellis's horse.

Tom Smith was riding Furzecutter, bought for £26, and sold after the run to Lord Clonbrock for £400—"a pretty good comment," he remarked, "on the place I maintained that day."

Lorraine, Mr. Lorraine Smith; he lived at Enderby.

Sir John Shelley.

H.H., a member of the Hampshire Hunt (the author), who was riding Palatine, a young horse lent to him.

Shackaback was a nickname of Mr. Vanneck's by his Melton friends.

Hugo Meynell, the master of the whole Quorn country, hunted the whole of the Leicestershire country, from 1753 to the spring of 1800, when he gave up upon the death of his eldest son. He died in London at the age of seventy-four on December 14, 1808. His name as a master of hounds will always be remembered: "That Sire of the chase—our crack Nimrod, old Meynell."

Old Oulton Lowe

The run mentioned in this song took place on February 16, 1833. Sir H. Mainwaring was Manager of the Cheshire Hounds (for a period of nineteen years); Joe Maiden was huntsman.

BAD luck to the Country, the clock had struck two,
We had found ne'er a fox in the gorses we drew;
When each heart felt a thrill at the found, "Tally-ho."
Once more a view hollo from old Oulton Lowe.

Away like a whirlwind toward Calverley Hall,
For the first thirty minutes Pug laughed at us all;
Our nags cured of kicking, ourselves of conceit,
Ere the laugh was with us, we were most of us beat.

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
Ah, we little thought then that the race was her last;
Accurst be the stake that was stain'd with her blood;
But why cry for spilt milk? May the next be as good.

'Twas a fight for us all, worth a million, I swear,
To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare;
The meed that he merits, the Muse shall bestow,
First, foremost, and fleetest from Old Oulton Lowe.

How Delamare went it were useless to tell,
To say he was out is to say he went well ;
A rider so skilful ne'er buckled on spur
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France ;
In the chase as in war, we must all take our chance.
Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the nation,
By dint of " coercion " and great " agitation."

Now Victor and Bedford were seen in the van,
Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow,
" Their bristles are up, Sir, they're hard at him now."

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,
" Come along, little Rowley boy, why don't you ride ? "
How he chuckled to see the long tails in distress,
As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Bess.

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd " whoo-hoop,"
While he thought of the lion that eat him half up ;
Well pleas'd to have balk'd the wild beast of his dinner,
He was up in his stirrups, and rode like a winner.

Oh, where 'mid the many found wanting in speed,
Oh, where, and oh, where was the Wistaston steed ?
Dead beat, still his rider so lick'd him and prick'd him,
He thought (well he might) 'twas the Devil that kick'd him.

The Cestrian chestnut show'd symptoms of blood,
For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the wood.
Where now is Dollgosh ? Where the racer from Da'enham ?
Such fast ones as these, what mishap has o'er-taken 'em ?

Two gentlemen met, both unhors'd, in a lane,
(Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain,)
" Have you seen a brown horse ? " " No, indeed, Sir, but pray,
In the course of your ramble have You seen a grey ? "

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer
 Whom he found in the street, with his head rather queer,
 So Dobbin was loos'd from his work at the plough,
 To assist a proud hunter stuck fast in a slough.

I advocate "movement" when shown in a horse,
 But I love in my heart a "conservative" gorse ;
 Long life to Sir Phillip ; we'll drink ere we go,
 Old times, and old Cheshire, and Old Oulton Lowe.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1833.

NOTES

Oulton Lowe belonged to Sir Phillip Egerton, a gorse cover formerly in great repute.

The Willington mare was the property of Major Tomkinson of the Willingtons. She was staked during the run and died the next day.

The Black Squire, the Rev. James Tomkinson of Dorfold.

Mr. Brittain of Chester ; Mr. France of Bostock Hall ; Mr. Ireland Blackburne of Hale.

Joe Maiden was huntsman to the Cheshire Hounds from 1832 to 1845. He was a splendid huntsman, and a very pleasant companion to ride home with after a run.

Rowley, Mr. Warburton of Arley.

The Baron, Baron Osten, a Hanoverian, long distinguished as an officer in the English service. When in the East Indies he had a miraculous escape from a lion.

The Wistaston steed, the property of Mr. Hammond of Wistaston.

The Cestrian chestnut, the property of Sir Phillip Egerton.

Dollgosh, Mr. Ford's horse.

Racer, Mr. James Tomkinson's of Davenham horse.

The Tarwood Run

This run took place on December 24, 1845, with the Heythrop hounds. The second Lord Redesdale was at that time Master, Jem Hill the huntsman, Jack Goddard and Charles the whips. With the exception of touching one corner of Boys Wood, the fox ran in the open for one hour and forty-two minutes, distance about twenty miles.

HE waited not—he was not found—
 No warning note from eager hound,
 But echo of the distant horn,
 From outskirts of the covert borne,
 Where Jack the Whip in ambush lay,
 Proclaimed that he was gone away.

Away ! ere yet that blast was blown,
The fox had o'er the meadow flown ;
Away ! away ! his flight he took,
Straight pointing for the Windrush brook !

The Miller, when he heard the pack,
Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,
He viewed the fox across the flat,
And, needless signal, wav'd his hat ;
He saw him clear, with bounding heel,
The water that had wash'd his wheel ;
Like phantom fox he seem'd to fly,
With speed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Witney town
He travell'd neither up nor down ;
But straight away like arrow sped
From cloth-yard bow he shot ahead.
Now Cokethorpe on his left he passed,
Now Ducklington behind him cast,
Now by Bampton, passing Lew,
Now by Clanfield, on he flew.
At Grafton first his course inclin'd,
And Kelmscote now is left behind.

Where waters of the Isis lave
The meadows with their classic wave,
O'er those meadows stealing on
Toward the Bridge of good St. John,
He near'd the stream as if to swim,
Then schem'd a feint to puzzle Jem ;
His footsteps in the margin sink,
And taint the sedges on the brink,
Then springing back, he seem'd to say,
"Those who like to cross it may."

Now clamorous on the tainted track
Close follow the deluded pack ;

Each hound impetuous stems the tide,
And shakes himself on th' other side ;
But Jem who viewed him, wide awake
To every dodge a fox can make ;—
His wily tricks to circumvent
Recall'd them to the missing scent ;
No aid save that, throughout the day,
From Huntsman or from Whip had they.

Away ! but with abated speed,
O'er fallow brown, o'er verdant mead,
O'er soil deep furrow'd by the plough,
No child's play is the struggle now ;
Now over paled park he bounds,
A trespasser on Milward's grounds.
To Lechlade now the pack he leads,
Now close to Little Hemmel speeds ;
To Fairford thence he wended straight,
Still struggling to the last with Fate,
Though now the pack approaching nigh
He heard his death note in the cry.
They view him now—now seem'd their race
The very lightning of the chase :
The fox had reach'd the Southropp lane ;
He strove to cross, but strove in vain ;
The pack roll'd o'er him in his stride,
And onward struggling still—he died !

This gallant fox in Tarwood found
Had cross'd full twenty miles of ground,
Had sought no shelter for his flight
In covert either left or right ;
But nigh two hours the open kept
As stout a fox as ever stept !

That morning, in the saddle set,
A hundred men at Tarwood met ;
Though rumour says of that array
Scarce ten liv'd fairly through the day.

Till midday's sun had made the ground
Fit treading for the foot of hound,
Compell'd their pastime to delay,
They wiled in chat an hour away :
How bitter overnight the frost !
How many a joke without it lost !

Ah ! how shall I in song declare
The riders who were foremost there ?
A fit excuse how shall I find
For every rider left behind ?

It seem'd while passing Cokethorpe by,
As though there was no fence to fly ;
Though slash'd and sluic'd with many a drain,
Yet seemingly one open plain ;
And he who clears those ditches wide
Must needs a goodly steed bestride.
From Brampton to the river's bounds,
The race was run o'er pasture grounds ;
Yet many a nag of blood and bone
Was heard to cross it with a groan ;
For blackthorns stiff the field divide
With watery ditch on either side.
By Lechlade's village fences rise
Of every sort and every size,
And rotten bank and tottering wall
Were crumbled by the frequent fall.
Some planted deep in cornfield stand,
A fixed incumbrance on the land ;
While others prove o'er post and rail
The merits of the sliding scale.

Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell
At Clanfield how Valentia fell ;
He rode, they say, like one bewitched,
Till headlong from the saddle pitched ;
There, reckless of the pain, he sigh'd
To think he might not onward ride ;

Though fallen from his pride of place,
His heart was following still the chase ;
He bade the Huntsman to forbear
His proffer'd aid, nor tarry there ;
“ Oh ! heed me not, but ride away !
The Tarwood fox must die to-day ! ”
The rear pulled up with one accord,
Assiduous to assist a Lord ;
Some say their steeds were sorely blown,
Such idle falsehoods I disown.
Valentia fell—nor he alone ;
Here Jem in mid-career was thrown ;
His heels they in the breastplate swung,
His head low down on earth it hung ;
While Spangle on the blackthorn lay,
Like dewdrop quivering on the spray ;
Soon man and horse regained their feet,
And struggling up, Jem reached his seat.
Poor Spangle's lustre worn away—
“ Thou laggard groom ! why this delay ?
Oh ! Juliet ! where art thou ? where ?
A thousand guineas for the mare ! ”
With words more touching, grief more true,
Could Romeo her absence rue ?
Those meadows by the Isis bound,
Jem reached ere he his Juliet found ;
Well, thence, with such a prompter's aid,
Till Reynard's death her part she played.

Fair Beatrice ! as yet I ween
But little sport that mare had seen ;
Now guided by the hand of Jack
She never lost again the pack.
Charles, brought to sorrow in the run,
Came struggling up ere all was done ;
In dyke o'erflowing “ Fungus ” fell,
A plant that loves the water well ;



Courtesy Messrs. R. Aclermann

FULL CRY

From a painting by J. N. Satorius



For minutes ten or thereabout
He bathed—and then he flounder'd out.
By application of the spur rowel
Charles rubbed him dry without a towel.

As on the pack by Kelmscote flew,
What meant those coats of scarlet hue ?
Who were they by the neighbouring wood,
Who heedless of the scurry stood ?
The Valley of the White Horse pack,
While idle steeds their riders back,
Impatient range the covert round,
Their morning fox as yet unfound.
That Huntsman's horn and echoing cheer
Was music sweet to straggler's ear ;
And they who felt the pace too hot
Sought gladly there a resting-spot.

Thus fleets, when they no more can bide
The fury of the wind and tide,
If chance some tranquil port they spy,
Where vessels safe at anchor lie,
There seek the shelter of the gale,
With helm revers'd and slacken'd sail.
Thus patriots, faint of heart, who deem
Some honest measure too extreme,
No longer to their colours true,
Take refuge in the "juste milieu."
The speed of horse, the pluck of man,
They needed both, who led the van ;
This Holmes can tell, who through the day
Was ever foremost in the fray ;

And Holloway, with best intent,
Still shivering timber as he went ;
And Williams, clinging to the pack
As if the League were at his back ;

And Tollit ready still to sell
The nag that carried him so well.
When younger men of lighter weight
Some tale of future sport relate,
Let Whippy show the brush he won,
And tell them of the Tarwood run ;
With Rival's portrait on the wall
Shall oft to memory recall
The gallant fox, the burning scent,
The leaps they leapt, the pace they went ;
How Whimsy led the pack at first ;
When Reynard from the woodside burst ;
How Pamela, the puppy hound,
First seized him, struggling on the ground ;
How Prudence shunn'd the taint of hare,
Taught young in life to have a care ;
How Alderman, a foxhound staunch,
Work'd well upon an empty paunch ;
How Squires, when following thee, upset
Right honourable Baronet ;
How, as the pack by Lechlade flew,
Where close and thick the fences grew,
Three bitches led the tuneful throng,
All worthy of a place in song ;
Old Fairplay, ne'er at skirting caught,
And Pensive, speeding quick as thought ;
While Handsome prov'd the adage true,
They handsome are that handsome do !

Then long may courteous Redesdale live !
And oft his pack such gallops give !
Should fox again so stoutly run,
May I be there to see the fun.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

The Coston Run

With the Belvoir Hounds, January 17, 1863

BUT little need was there to-day
By Coston Thorns awhile to stay ;
For scarce the eastern side we gain,
Scarce tighten girth and bridle-rein,
Ere Cooper's halloo sounds away !
A gallant fox brooks no delay.
Hold hard ! a pause—the eager pack,
Their bristles up, no courage lack,
But clear the covert at a bound,
And earnest seek the open ground.
A moment feather here and there,
A moment sniff the tainted air,
Then, dashing to the scent, they show
No common pace they mean to go.
Without a check they hold their own
Along the grass to Garthorpe town,
Then mount the hill, and quietly gain
The spinney crowning Saxby plain.
Away—at undiminished pace,
By Freeby village on they race ;
Then seek the heavy fields which lie
Left of the wood of Brentingby,
Where many a rider, stayed perforce,
Was glad to breathe his faltering horse.
For thirty minutes now had stood
The fox before he reached the wood.
Will he its friendly shelter try ?
Not he, his motto's do or die.
He leaves it boldly on the right,
And urges on his headlong flight,
Aspires to reach his own abode,
And crosses o'er the Melton Road.

For now, on Melton spinney bent,
He shapes his course with best intent,
Descends the hill which thither leads,
And hastens o'er its molehill meads.
For distant now not many a rood,
That spinney can aloft be view'd.
But, ah! the wind is in his teeth,
A shift he tries to save his breath;
He dare not, cannot, onwards stay,
But tacks and holds another way.
For Waltham makes an effort bold,
And gains the village's stronghold.
A vain attempt to further fly,
Exhausted nature must deny.
A last retreat—last hope of all—
He seeks beneath a sheltering stall,
Must the brave beast, his labours o'er,
His blood upon the threshold pour?
He died—as heroes oft have done—
Fresh from the laurels they have won.
For few the foxes who could stay
Before the hounds who ran to-day,
Near fifty minutes, and the pace,
From end to end, almost a race.
Those hounds, who first and foremost shone,
Old Rallywood would not disown.
For stoutness well might they aspire
To all the merits of their sire.
To hunt, to race, to hold the lead,
None ere can beat his matchless breed.
For if no fox they hunt—beware!
They love to hunt the timid hare.
Yet only half my story's told,
If I forget the riders bold,
Who, starting from the covert side,
Throughout the chase did foremost ride.
They scarce exceeded half a score,
They might be less, they might be more,

For every one who hunts, we know,
 Comes out with the intent to go;
 But when the fences bristle thick,
 Looks out for squalls, and loves to pick.
 The Melton men, ah! where are they,
 With Tailby on the grass away?
 Not here to criticise the plough,
 And struggle through the holding slough;
 And so but half a score did see
 As good a run as well could be.
 No matter then to mention name,
 Are they not known enough to fame?
 Suffice it—they enjoyed the fun,
 Rode straight to hounds and saw the run.
 And may they all again essay
 To ride as well another day.

Anonymous.

A Dartmoor Fox

This run took place on Tuesday, November 22, 1864

COME, jump into your saddles, boys, and never doubt the morn;
 The hounds are off to Skerraton, and Crocker winds his horn;
 No cover under heaven's arch a better fox can show;
 So forward to the forest, boys, together let us go.

Haste to the forest,
 Haste to the forest,
 Haste to the forest,
 Together let us go.

Now, cease your idle gossip, pray, for yonder lies the brake;
 And if the fox is kennelled there, I'll warrant he's awake:
 A moment! and the spinney gorse is waving to and fro,
 A whimper and a crash are heard; and then a Tally-ho!

Haste to the forest,
 Haste to the forest,
 Haste to the forest,
 Together let us go.

Away he goes, a gallant fox, his distant point to gain ;
Nor wilder is the wind that sweeps across the moorland plain :
Oh ! listen to the frantic cheer that marks his winged flight,
While echoes in the vale below are bursting with delight.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us go.

To Holne's broad heath he whirls along, before the din of war,
Nor tarries till he stands upon the rugged Banshie Tor ;
Far in the rear the bristling pack is dashing on amain,
And horsemen, too, like autumn leaves, are scattered o'er the plain.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us go.

And see ! the dark and stormy skies a perfect deluge pour,
And every hound has dropped his nose upon the cold grey moor :
"Now pick along," Trelawny said, but said it with a sigh ;
As if he wished his hounds had wings, and longed to see them fly.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us go.

But, as a spider to his line, the patient huntsman clings,
Till suddenly at Banshie Tor, again the welkin rings ;
No refuge now in Whitewood rocks ; the pack is dashing on ;
For madly to the banks of Dart the flying fox is gone.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us go.

And on to catch the burning scent, as every foxhound flings,
The Squire now begins to think the pack has found its wings ;
As plovers o'er the moorland speed, or wild-fowl o'er the sea ;
The steed that stays along with them a right good steed must be.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us go.

Alas ! of all the gallant field, full sixty men or more,
Seven alone are seen alive upon the Dart's rough shore :
With one accord the seven plunge up to the saddle bow ;
The angry flood may cool their blood, but cannot stop them now.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us go.

Then upwards to the heights of Yar the deadly struggle turns,
And every hound that heads the pack immortal glory earns ;
The horses sob—the hounds are mute—and men are heard to cry,
“ Oh, for a steed of Coxwell's breed, to view them as they fly ! ”

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us go.

Again for Dart he bends his course ; again he seeks the flood ;
And fiercely on his track the hounds are running hard for blood ;
He rolls along and gallops high, and dodges in the rocks ;
But all his wiles are vain to save this famous Dartmoor fox.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us fly.

Who-hoop ! Who-hoop ! the huntsman shouts ; and seven men are near
To view the hound that bowled him o'er, the gallant "Windermere" ;
And when Trelawny rides to moor, over his wild countrie,
Oh ! may he never fail to find as good a fox as he.

Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Together let us go.

RING-OUZEL, 1865.

NOTE.—Charles Trelawny was Master of the Dartmoor hounds from 1843 to 1873. Limpetty was the huntsman. The Rev. E. W. Davies wrote a book of poetry called *Dartmoor Days* about Mr. Trelawny.

THE HUNT

BETTER to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the Doctors for the nauseous draught.

DRYDEN, 1631-1700.

I LOVE to rise in a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree ;
And the distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me.
Oh ! what sweet company.

BLAKE, 1757-1827.

The Huntsman and the Master

BUT first, to become a good huntsman, he must have a fair chance, and should not be interfered with by anyone, after he leaves the place of meeting ; previous to which, on all occasions it would be best if the Master of the hounds was to arrange with him which covers should be drawn first, etc. It rarely happens that two men think exactly alike, and unless he is capable of judging for himself after the above arrangement (which had much better be done overnight), the Master is to blame in keeping him ; but if he is capable, the Master is to blame by interfering ; for, consequently, the man will be ever thinking—what does the Master think ? and will not gain that independence of thought and action so necessary, on most occasions, to be a match for a fox. For instance, at a check there are many apparently trifling ideas and thoughts in a huntsman's head, which he cannot explain to his Master, when asked why he does this or that. Instead of answering, he drops his bridle hand and listens to his Master, although he has made observations of trifles which are often all he has for his guidance, and frequently are sufficient to recover his fox ; though probably no other person noticed them—such as this : The pack is running best pace ; he sees one hound turn his head, and fling to the right or left a pace or two ; shortly after there is a check (say 500 yards). When he has made the usual casts he recollects the hound turning his head, and then goes back and finds that the fox had headed back so far, and hits off the scent ; but he could or could not tell anyone why he was going back. It is such-like trifling observations that huntsmen profit by, though unnoticed by others.—TOM SMITH, 1838.

The Huntsman

I WILL endeavour to describe what a good huntsman should be. He should be young, strong, active, bold, and enterprising ; fond of the diversion, and indefatigable in the pursuit of it : he should be sensible and good-tempered ; he ought also to be sober : he should be exact, civil, and cleanly ; he should be a good horseman and a good groom : his voice should be strong and clear ; and he should have an eye so quick, as to perceive which of his hounds carries the scent

when all are running ; and should have so excellent an ear, as always to distinguish the foremost hounds when he does not see them : he should be quiet, patient, and without conceit. Such are the excellences which constitute a good huntsman : he should not, however, be too fond of displaying them till necessity calls them forth : he should let his hounds alone whilst they *can hunt*, and he should have genius to assist them *when they cannot*.

I have always thought a huntsman a happy man : his office is pleasing, and at the same time flattering : we pay him for that which diverts him, and he is enriched by his greatest pleasure ; nor is a general, after a victory, more proud than is a huntsman who returns with his fox's head.—BECKFORD, 1781.

The Galloping Whip

If life is a business, existence is fun
When duty and pleasure and sport are in one ;
And so he wears ever a smile on his lip—
'Tis a labour of love to the Galloping Whip.

The moon of September's his light in the morn,
When the cub's to be killed and they've carried the corn ;
The moon of December's his lamp for the trip,
As home with the pack goes the Galloping Whip.

For hours never vex him, and work cannot tire,
That dapper pink fits on a framework of wire ;
He'll go without sup, and he'll go without sip
From daylight to dark will the Galloping Whip.

The phiz of bold Reynard is shaped on his mug,
Mouth wide as an oxe, as deep as a jug ;
That feature was fashion'd to scream, not to nip,
And the bumper's no charm for the Galloping Whip.

The last to leave covert, he'll cheer on the pack ;
Twenty couples are out, then away with a crack ;
In a mile he has given the quickest the slip—
The wind from their sails takes the Galloping Whip.

When we're jammed in a corner, the timber too strong,
The bulfinch too thick, and our courage all gone—
Hie ! give us a lead, and over he'll flip ;
But it's little improved by the Galloping Whip.

Does he ride for repute ? No ! his eye is ahead ;
He works for his huntsman, and works for his bread.
Wherever he steers men are glad of the tip :
The bruisers delight in the Galloping Whip.

Ever sparing of rate and indulgent of youth,
His cheer urges Faulty get forrard to Truth ;
But a rioter determined will never outstrip
The swift 'venging thong of the Galloping Whip.

They've run twenty minutes as close as a wedge,
By Jove ! they have split—two lines since the hedge :
Old Regent is right. Up the furrow they rip ;
And round swing the rest with the Galloping Whip.

A game fox is sinking. The Whip isn't here :
Look, a cap down the wind : " Charles has him I swear ! "
And Reynard, poor devil ! is well in the grip
Of Whitecollar Will and his Galloping Whip.

Anonymous.

The Whipper-In

No one knows better than yourself how essential a good adjutant is to a regiment : believe me a good whipper-in is not less necessary to a pack of fox-hounds ! You say you agree with me, that a huntsman should stick close to his hounds. If, then, his place be fixed, and that of the first whipper-in (where you have two) be not, I cannot but think genius may be at least as useful in the one as in the other ; for instance, while the huntsman is riding to his head-most hounds, the whipper-in, if he have genius, may show it in various ways : he may clap forwards to any great earth that may, by chance, be open ; he may sink the

wind to halloo, or mob a fox, when the scent fails ; he may stop the tail hounds, and get them forward ; and has it frequently in his power to assist the hounds, without doing them any hurt, provided he should have sense to distinguish where he may be chiefly wanted. Besides, the most essential part of fox-hunting, the making and keeping of the pack steady, depends entirely upon him ; as a huntsman should seldom rate, and never flog, a hound. In short, I consider the first whipper-in as a second huntsman ; and to be perfect, he should be not less capable of hunting the hounds than the huntsman himself.

You cannot too much recommend to your whipper-in to get to the head of his hounds before he attempts to stop them. The rating behind is to little purpose, and, if they should be in cover, may prevent him from knowing who the culprits are. When your hounds are running a fox, he then should content himself with stopping such as are riotous, and should get them forward. They may be condemned upon the spot ; but the punishment should be deferred till the next day, when they may be taken out on purpose to commit the fault, and suffer the punishment. I agree with you, that young hounds cannot be awed too much ; yet suffer not your punishment of them to exceed their offence. I could wish to draw a line betwixt justice and barbarity.

If your whipper-in be bold and active ; be a good and careful horseman ; have a good ear, and a clear voice ; if, as I said he be a very Mungo, having, at the same time, judgment to distinguish where he can be of most use ; if, joined to these, he be above the foolish conceit of killing a fox without the huntsman ; but, on the contrary, be disposed to assist him all he can—he then is a perfect whipper-in.—
BECKFORD, 1781.

Hard-riding Dick

FROM the cradle his name has been "Hard-riding Dick,"
Since the time when cock-horse he bestraddled a stick ;
Since the time, when unbreeched, without saddle or rein,
He kick'd the old Jackass along the green lane.

Dick, wasting no time o'er the classical page,
Spent his youth in the stable without any wage ;
The life of poor Dick, when he enter'd his teens,
Was to sleep in the hay-loft and breakfast on beans.



C. Brown Smith fecit

PLATE 1. 1867

Plate 7

*... new contract says ...
By the time I ... shall see the ...
... 1867 ...*



Promoted at length, Dick's adventures began :—
A stripling on foot, but when mounted a man ;
Capp'd, booted, and spurr'd his young soul was on fire,
The day he was dubb'd " Second Whip " to the Squire.

See, how Dick, like a dart, shoots ahead of the pack !
How he stops, turns, and twists, rates and rattles them back !
The laggard exciting, controlling the rash,
He can comb down a hair with the point of his lash.

Oh, show me that country which Dick cannot cross—
Be it open or wood, be it upland or moss,
Through the fog or the sunshine, the calm or the squall,
By daylight or starlight, or no light at all !

Like a swallow can Dick o'er the water-flood skim,
And Dick like a duck, in the saddle can swim;
Up the steep mountain side like a cat he can crawl,
He can squeeze like a mouse through a hole in the wall !

He can tame the wild young one, inspirit the old,
The restive, the runaway, handle and hold ;
Sharp steel or soft-sawder, whiche'er does the trick,
It makes little matter to Hard-riding Dick.

Bid the chief from the Desert bring hither his mare,
To ride o'er the plain against Dick if he dare;
Bring Cossack or Mexican, Spaniard or Gaul,
There's a Dick in our village will ride round them all !

A whip is Dick's sceptre, a saddle Dick's throne,
A horse is the kingdom he rules as his own ;
While grasping ambition encircles the earth,
The dominions of Dick are enclosed in a girth.

Three ribs hath he broken, two legs and one arm,
But there hangs, it is said, round his neck a life-charm;
Still long odds are offer'd that Dick when he drops,
Will die as he lived, in his breeches and tops.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

The Kennel

FIRST let the Kennel be the Huntsman's Care,
 Upon some little Eminence erect,
 And fronting to the ruddy Dawn ; its Courts
 On either Hand wide op'ning to receive
 The Sun's all-cheering Beams, when mild he shines,
 And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack
 (Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to stretch,
 And balk, in his invigorating Ray :
 Warn'd by the jolly Clan ; with tuneful Throats
 They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd
 Salute the new-born Day. For not alone
 The vegetable World, but Men and Brutes
 Own his reviving Influence, and joy
 At his Approach. Fountain of Light ! if Chance
 Some envious Cloud veil thy refulgent Brow,
 In vain the Muses aid, untouch'd, unstrung,
 Lies my mute Harp, and thy desponding Bard
 Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd Lay.

Let no Corinthian Pillars prop the Dome,
 A vain Expense, or charitable Deeds
 Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd Wretch
 Who shrinks beneath the Blast, to feed the Poor
 Pinch'd with afflictive Want : For Use, not State,
 Gracefully plain, let each Apartment rise.
 Bestrew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones,
 To kindle fierce Debate, or to disgust
 That nicer Sense, on which the Sportsman's Hope
 And all his future Triumphs must depend.
 Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy
 Have lapp'd their smoking Viands, Morn or Eve,
 From the full Cistern lead the ductile Streams,
 To wash thy Court well-pav'd, nor spare thy Pains,



THE KENNELS

From a painting by R. B. Davies

• A M O K I L I



For much to Health will Cleanliness avail.
 Seek'st thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steep,
 And brush th' entangled Covert, whose nice Scent
 O'er greasy Fallows and frequented Roads
 Can pick the dubious Way? Banish far off
 Each noisome Stench, let no offensive Smell
 Invade thy wide Inclosure, but admit
 The nitrous Air and purifying Breeze.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, 1742.

The Properties of a Good Foxhound

THE properties of a good hound are soon told. He does his best to find a fox ; throws his tongue when he is *sure* he has found him, and not before ; gets away *quickly* with the scent so long as it is forward ; *stops* and *turns quickly* when it is not forward ; *drives* it to the end *without* dwelling on it, or *tieing* ; is *true to the line* without being too eager to get to the head and guide the scent ; *sticks to his fox* when he is sinking in a cover, let the cover be ever so strong, which proves his perseverance and stoutness ; quite steady from riot in the field ; not jealous in his work ; good-tempered in the kennel, of a vigorous constitution, and sound from head to foot.

A friend of mine, speaking of the merits of hounds, has this curious though not unreasonable notion—"It may appear paradoxical," he says, "but it is nevertheless true, that the (query *one*) proof of a hound's goodness is, that he is never remarkable during a run ; and there are many good sportsmen who would prefer a hound of this nature to one that is oftener seen at head than the rest. Of course a hound that is not remarkable is never last, or where he should not be, but holds the line, and is what is called by some a good line-hunter, which is the criterion of all goodness ; that is, if he *drives* a scent, too, without dwelling on it."—NIMROD, 1842.

Of the Faults of Hounds

OF the faults of hounds, if not the worst, the most provoking of any is slackness. It reminds you of one man taking a horse to water whilst twenty cannot

make him drink. I had rather have to do with a wild hound than a slack one. The two most acknowledged faults are running mute and skirting. The first culprit sneaks away with your fox, and foils the ground for the rest of the pack should they chance to get on the line ; and the second—although a proof of intellect, or rather cunning—is often the cause of much mischief, and always spoils the business-like appearance of things, however good as to extent or finish your run may be. There are, also, what are called left-handed hounds—not exactly skirthers, but apt to run wide of the pack, perhaps waiting for a turn in their favour, but leaving the rest of the pack to do the principal work of the day. Keep none of these sorts, however good they may be (and often they are very good) in other respects. Then in the contrary extreme to the mute is the noisy hound, which speaks (as sometimes men speak) without knowing why, that is to say, without *scent* of a fox, and often without any scent at all. He is fit candidate for the halter, as worthless. I need not, however, tell you, who have so often seen hounds going their best pace for a longer time than others, that there are times when three-parts of the pack run mute. On occasions like these, however, no fault is to be found. It is not in the power of a man to run and shout at the same time; at least he is soon blown if he attempts it.

Merely wild young hounds often turn out well, with proper discipline and work ; but incurable hare-hunters, dwellers in the scent, especially in covers after the body are away, those of delicate constitutions, together with the failings before enumerated, ought never to be seen in your kennel.—NIMROD, 1842.

The Great Excellence of the Pack

A GREAT excellence in a pack of hounds is the head they carry ; and that may be said to go the fastest, that can run ten miles the soonest ; notwithstanding the hounds, separately, may not run so fast as many others. A pack of hounds, considered as a collective body, go fast in proportion to the excellence of their noses, and the head they carry ; some hounds that I have hunted with would creep all through the same hole, though they might have leapt the hedge, and would follow one another in a string, as true as a team of cart-horses. I had rather see them, like the horses of the sun, *all a-breast*.—BECKFORD, 1781.

The Pack

THEY were a lovely pack for looks ;
Their forelegs drumsticked without crooks,
Straight, without over-tread or bend,
Muscled to gallop to the end,
With neat feet round as any cat's.
Great-chested, muscled in the slats,
Bright, clean, short-coated, broad in shoulder,
With stag-like eyes that seemed to smoulder.
The heads well-cocked, the clean necks strong,
Brows broad, ears close, the muzzles long,
And all like racers in the thighs ;
Their noses exquisitely wise,
Their minds being memories of smells ;
Their voices like a ring of bells ;
Their sterns all spirit, cock and feather ;
Their colour like the English weather,
Magpie and hare, and badger-pie,
Like minglings in a double dye,
Some smutty-nosed, some tan, none bald ;
Their manners were to come when called,
Their flesh was sinew knit to bone,
Their courage like a banner blown.
Their joy to push him out of cover,
And hunt him till they rolled him over.

JOHN MASEFIELD, 1919.

The Music of the Pack

If you would have your kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs that have deep solemn Mouthes, and are swift in spending, which must as it were bear the base in the consort ; then a double number of roaring and loud ringing Mouthes, which must bear the counter

tenor ; then some hollow plain sweet Mouthes, which must bear the mean or middle part : and so with these three parts of musick you shall make your cry perfect : and herein you shall observe that these Hounds thus mixt, do run just and even together and not hang off loose from one another, which is the vilest sight that may be ; and you shall understand, that this composition is best to be made of the swiftest and largest deep mouthed dog, the slowest middle siz'd dog, and the shortest legg'd slender dog. Amongst these you may cast in a couple or two small single beagles, which as small trebles may warble amongst them : the cry will be a great deal more sweet. . . . If you would have your kennel for depth of mouth, then you shall compound it of the largest dogs which have the greatest mouths and deepest slews, such as your West Countrey, Che-shire and Lanca-shire dogs are, and to five or six base couple of mouths shall not add above two couple of counter tenors, as many means, and not above one couple of Roarers, which being heard but now and then, as at the opening or hitting of the scent, will give much sweetness to the solemnness and graveness of the cry, and the musick thereof will be much more delightfull to the ears of every beholder.—GERVASE MARKHAM, 1683.

Gambler

THE name of Gambler by the famous Weathergage—Gratitude is one known world wide, for his sons and daughters went to build up kennels throughout the United Kingdom and abroad. A hound of great character and massive appearance, combined with beautiful colour and outline, he made a king worthy of such a pack like the Belvoir. His praises have been sung by all who saw him, his portrait painted by more than one artist, and his bones are now set up like those of the great race-horse Hermit. Gillard could not honour him too much, regarding him as the most perfect type of the beautiful Belvoir blood, filling the kennel with his stock. In all parts of a run he was perfect, and he possessed a beautiful voice, which he used freely, resounding through the wood, giving the keynote to the pack, who would fly to it. The best of his stock were hounds of great character, remarkable for their good looks on the flags, and their good hunting qualities in the field ; moreover, the breed was everlasting, and never tired. Gambler was probably the sire of more hounds than any other of his day, and lived to his fourteenth season, running with the pack up to a year of his death, when he had to be drafted for deafness. Although Belvoir

Gamblers cannot be bred from rule of thumb, the proportions of this remarkable foxhound as taken by Mr. Basil Nightingale, who painted his portrait for the Duke of Rutland, are worth preserving as an example of what symmetry should be. Standing twenty-three inches at the shoulders to the outer curve of his well-turned quarters he measured twenty-seven and a half inches in length, whilst from elbow to ground his height was only twelve inches. Possessing great depth of rib and room round the heart, he girthed thirty-one inches, and his arm below was eight and a quarter inches round. Below the knee he measured five and a quarter inches of solid bone, while round the thigh he spanned full nine and a quarter inches. The extended neck was ten inches from cranium to shoulder, and the head ten inches and a half long. His colour was of the richest, displaying all the beautiful "Belvoir tan," and his head had that brainy appearance expressive of the highest intelligence. Gambler might have inspired that earnest poet, Canon Kingsley, when he described the modern foxhound: "The result of nature, not limited, but developed by high civilisation. Next to an old Greek statue there are few such combinations of grace and strength as in a fine foxhound. Majesty is the only word; for if he were ten feet high instead of twenty-three inches, with what animal on earth could you contrast him? It is joy to see such perfection alive."

Gambler's own brother, Gameboy, was quite as good in his work, although he had not quite the same dash and swagger, being rather shy with strangers when showing on the flags. "In the field," Gillard said, "both were hard-running hounds, and I often pointed out the two brothers hunting side by side as if they were in couples." Gameboy left some good stock in the Belvoir kennel like his brother did, and both sired many a Peterborough winner for other packs, so that their fame as the stout sons of old Weathergage will never die out.—WHIPSTER, 1898.

The King of the Kennel

THE Bitch from the Belvoir, the dog from the Quorn—
The pick of their litter our puppy was born;
And the day he was entered he flew to the horn,
But rating and whipcord he treated with scorn.
Gently, Bachelor,
Have a care, have a care.

So eager to find, and so gallant to draw,
 Though a wilder in covert a huntsman ne'er saw,
 'Twas a year and a half ere he'd listen to law,
 And many's the leveret hung out of his maw.

'Ware hare, Bachelor ;
 'Ware hare, 'ware hare.

On the straightest of legs and the roundest of feet,
 With ribs like a frigate his timbers to meet,
 With a fashion and fling and a form so complete,
 That to see him dance over the flags is a treat.

Here, here, boy, Bachelor,
 Handsome and good.

But fashion and form without nose are in vain ;
 And in March or mid-winter, storm, sunshine, and rain,
 When the line has been foiled, or the sheep leave a stain,
 His fox he accounts for again and again.

Yooi ! wind him, Bachelor,
 All through the wood.

He guides them in covert, he leads them in chase ;
 Though the young and the jealous try hard for his place,
 'Tis Bachelor always is first in the race ;
 He beats them for nose and he beats them for pace.

Hark forward to Bachelor,
 From daylight to dark.

When the fallows are dry, where manure had been thrown,
 With a storm in the air, with the ground like a stone—
 When we're all in a muddle, beat, baffled, and blown,
 See, Bachelor has it. Bill, let him alone.

Speak to it, Bachelor ;
 Go hark to him, hark.

That time in December—the best of our fun—
Not a mile from the gorse, ere we'd hardly begun,
Heading straight to the river—I thought we were done ;
But 'twas Bachelor's courage that made it a run.

Yooi ! over, Bachelor.

Yooi ! over, old man.

As fierce as a torrent, as full as a tank,
That a hound ever crossed it, his stars he may thank.
While I watched how poor Benedict struggled and sank,
There was Bachelor shaking his sides on the bank.

Forward on, Bachelor.

Catch ye who can.

From the find to the finish, the whole blessed day,
How he cut out the work, how he showed us the way.
When our fox doubled back where the fallow-deer lay,
How he stuck to the line, and turned short with his prey.

Yo-yooite ! Bachelor !

Right for a crown.

Though so handy to cast, and so patient to stoop,
When his bristles are up you may swear it's who-whoop.
For he'll dash at his fox like a hawk in her swoop,
And he carries the head, marching home to his soup.

Sess, Sess, Bachelor.

Lap and lie down.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

The Foxhound Speaks

"You would find out in time," resumed Trimbush, "but may as well profit by my experience, and learn it at once, that most men who go with us to the covert-side know little about hunting and less about hounds. So long as their patience is not cramped with drawing blanks, and we go the pace with heads up and sterns down they are satisfied, and take little further interest in us. Not one

in fifty can tell what the points of a hound are ; and as for understanding anything about our habits and dispositions, they think that we are as much alike as cherries upon the same stalk. So far, however, from that being the case, we differ from each other in every respect as much as man to man engaged in the same pursuit, and frequently inherit the peculiarities of our fathers and mothers, as they do."—JOHN MILLS, 1848.

Fan

FAN, the hunt terrier, runs with the pack,
A little white bitch with a patch on her back ;
She runs with the pack as her ancestors ran—
We're an old-fashioned lot here and breed 'em like Fan ;
 Round of skull, harsh of coat, game and little and low,
 The same as we bred sixty seasons ago.

So she's harder than nails, and she's nothing to learn
From her scarred little snout to her cropped little stern,
And she hops along gaily, in spite of her size,
With twenty-four couples of big badger-pies :
 'Tis slow, but 'tis sure is the old white and grey,
 And 'twill sing to a fox for a whole winter day.

Last year at Rook's Rough, just as Ben put 'em in,
'Twas Fan found the rogue who was curled in the whin ;
She pounced at his brush with a drive and snap,
" YIP-YAP, boys," she told 'em, " I've found him, YIP-YAP ;"
 And they put down their noses and sung to his line
 Away down the valley most tuneful and fine.

'Twas a point of ten miles and a kill in the dark
That scared the cock pheasants in Fallowfield Park,
And into the worry flew Fan like a shot
And snatched the tit-bit that old Rummage had got ;
 Eloor, little Fan with the patch on her back,
 She broke up the fox with the best of the pack.

Punch, 1900.

The Earth-Stopper

TERROR of henroosts ! now from hollow sand-earth,
Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmstead,
Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder,
Warily prowleth.

Rouse thee, Earth-stopper ! rouse thee from thy slumber !
Get thee thy worsted hose and winter coat on,
While the good housewife, crawling from her blanket,
Lights thee thy lantern.

Clad for thy midnight silent occupation,
Mount thy old dog-horse, spade upon thy shoulder,
Wiry-hair'd Vixen, where e'er thou wendest,
Ready to follow.

Though the chill rain drops, driven by the north wind,
Pelt thy old jacket, soaking through and through thee,
Though thy worn hackney, blind and broken-winded,
Hobble on three legs ;

Finish thy night work well, or woe betide thee !
If on the morrow irritated Huntsman,
Back'd by a hundred followers in scarlet,
Finds the earth open !

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

The Jolly Old Squire

THE Squire, the old Squire, is gone to his rest ;
His heart was the bravest, his horse was the best,
His cheer was unequalled, his wine without peer,
And he kept open house every day in the year ;

Now a narrowed house holds his bosom of fire,
 And cold is the hearth of the Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 And cold is the hearth of the Jolly Old Squire.

The Jolly Old Squire was as staunch as a hound,
 And gayer he seem'd, the more broken the ground,
 Neither yawner nor rasper could make him delay,
 As, mounted on Druid, he roared "Hark away!"
 The first in the field, and the last man to tire,
 His hunting is over, the Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 His hunting is over, the Jolly Old Squire.

When the brush of sly Reynard, the coveted prize,
 Was display'd at his table, joy danc'd in his eyes;
 He quaff'd his good wine, and he sang his good song,
 And the shouting that follow'd was cordial and long;
 In chorus we join'd, an unanimous choir,
 The loudest the voice of the Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 The loudest of all was the Jolly Old Squire.

We were hunting the fox on a lowering day,
 With the Squire spurring up on his high-flying grey:
 No surer foot bounded o'er hillock and dell,
 But the fates were in league, and the gallant grey fell:
 We knew that the rider must shortly expire,
 And drew up our reins round the Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 And drew up our reins round the Jolly Old Squire.

"What the deuce do you stay for?" we heard him exclaim;
 "My sporting is spoiled, but should yours be the same?
 They're o'er-running the scent—Trusty Will! turn the pack,
 A plague on the fall that laid me on my back!
 Fox-hunting for ever," he shouted with fire,
 These were the words of the Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 The Jolly Old Squire,
 The very last words of the Jolly Old Squire.

The Sportsman, May 1838.

The First Whip

1915

As I wandered home
 By Hedworth Combe
 I heard a lone horse whinny,
 And saw on the hill
 Stand statue-still
 At the top of the old oak spinney
 A rough-haired hack
 With a girl on his back—
 And "Hounds!" I said—"for a guinea!"

The wind blew chill
 Over Larchley Hill,
 And it couldn't have blown much colder;
 Her nose was blue,
 And her pigtails two
 Hung damply over her shoulder;
 She might have been ten,
 Or guessing again—
 She might have been twelve months older.

To a tight pink lip
 She pressed her whip
 By way of imposing quiet ;
 I bowed my head
 To the words unsaid,
 Accepting the lady's fiat,
 And noted the while
 Her Belvoir style
 As she rated a hound for riot.

A lean form leapt
 O'er the fence and crept
 Through the ditch with his thief's heart quaking,
 But the face of the maid
 No hint betrayed
 That she noticed the brambles shaking,
 Till she saw him clear
 Of her one wild fear—
 The chance of his backward breaking.

Then dainty and neat
 She rose in her seat
 That the better her eyes might follow
 Where a shadow of brown
 Over Larchley Down
 Launched out like a driving swallow ;
 And she quickened his speed
 Through the bracken and weed
 With a regular Pytchley holloa.

Raging they came
 Like a torrent of flame—
 There were nineteen couple and over,
 And a huntsman grey
 Who blew them away
 With the note of a true hound-lover,
 While his Whip sat back
 On her rough old hack
 And called to the last in covert.

Then cramming down flat
Her quaint little hat,
And shaking the old horse together,
She was off like a bird,
And the last that I heard
Was a "For'ard!" that died in the heather
As she took up her place
At the tail of the chase
Like a ten-season lord of the leather.

WILL H. OGILVIE, 1922.

Farmer Dobbin

A DAY WI THE CHESHUR FOX DUGS

"OULD mon, it's welly milkin toim, where ever 'aft 'ee bin?
Thears slutch upo' thoi coat, oi see, and blood upo' thoi chin."
"Oiv bin to see the gentlefolk o' Cheshur roid a run;
Owd wench! oiv been a hunting, an oiv seen some rattling fun.

"Th' owd mare was i' the smithy when the huntsman, he trots through,
Black Bill agate o' 'ammering the last nail in her shoe;
The cover laid so wheam loik, an' so jovial foin the day,
Says I, 'Owd mare, we'll tak a fling and see 'm go away.'

"When up, an oi'd got shut ov aw the hackney pads and traps,
'Orse dealers an' 'orse jockey-lads, and such loik swaggering chaps,
Then what a power o' gentlefolk did I set oies upon!
A reining in their hunters, aw blood 'orses every one!

"They'd aw got bookskin leathers on, a sitten 'em so toight,
As roind an' plump as turmits be, and just about as whoit;
Their spurs wor made o' siller, and their buttons made o' brass,
Their coats wor red as carrots an' their collurs green as grass.

"A varmint-looking gemman on a woiry tit I seed,
And anither close besoid him, sitting noble on his steed;
They ca' them both owd codgers, but as fresh as paint they look,
John Glegg, Esquoir, o' Withington, an' bowd Sir Richard Brooke.

"I seed Squoir Geffrey Shakerley, the best 'un o' that breed,
His smiling feace tould plainly how the sport wi' him agreed;
I seed the 'Arl ov Grovenor, a loiky lad to roid,
I seed a soight worth aw the rest, his farencly young broid.

"Zur Umferry de Trafford an' the Squire ov Arley Haw,
His pocket full o' rigmarole, a rhoiming on 'em aw;
Two members for the Cointy, both aloik ca'd Egerton;
Squoir Henry Brooks and Tummas Brooks, they'd aw green collurs on.

"Eh! what a mon be Dixon John, ov Astle Haw, Esquoir,
You wudna foind, and measure him, his marrow in the shoir;
Squoir Wibraham o' the Forest, death and danger he defoies,
When his coat be toightly button'd, and shut be both his oies.

"The Honorable Lazzles, who from forrin parts be cum,
An a chip o' owd Lord Delamere, the Honorable Tum;
Squoir Fox an' Booth an' Worthington, Squoir Massay an' Squoir Harne,
An' many more big sportsmen, but their neames I didna larn.

"I seed that great commander in the saddle, Captain Whoite,
An' the pack as thrugg'd about him was indeed a gradely soight;
The dugs looked foin as satin, an' himsel look'd hard as nails,
An' he giv the swells a caution not to roid upo' their tails.

"Says he, 'Young men o' Monchester an Livverpoo, cum near,
Oiv just a word, a warning word, to whisper in your ear;
When, starting from the cuvver soid, ye see bowd Reynard burst,
We canna 'ave no 'unting if the gemmen go it first.'

"Tom Rance has got a single oie, wurth many another's two,
He held his cap abuv his yed to show he'd had a view;
Tom's voice was loik th' owd raven's when he skroik'd out 'Tally-ho,'
For when the fox had seen Tom's feace he thought it toim to go.

"Eh moy! a pratty jingle then went ringin through the skoy,
Furst Victory, then Villager begun the merry croy,
Then every maith was open from the oud 'un to the pup,
An' aw the pack together took the swelling chorus up.

"Eh moy! a pratty skouwer then was kick'd up in the vale,
They skimm'd across the running brook, they topp'd the post an' rail,
They didna stop for razzur cop, but play'd at touch an' go,
An' them as miss'd a footin there lay doubled up below.

"I seed the 'ounds a crossing Farmer Flareup's boundary loin,
Whose daughter plays the peany an drinks whoit sherry woin,
Gowd rings upon her finger an' silk stockings on her feet;
Says I, 'It won't do him no harm to roid across his wheat.'

"So, thoightly houdin on by 'th yed, I hits th' owd mare a whop,
Hoo plumps into the middle o' the wheatfield neck an' crop;
An' when hoo floinder'd out on it I catch'd another spin,
An', missis, that the cagion o' the blood upo' my chin.

"I never oss'd another lep, but kep the lane, an' then
In twenty minutes toim about they turn'd toart me agen;
The fox was foinly daggled, and the tits aw out o' breath,
When they kilt him in the open, an' owd Dobbin seed the death.

"Loik dangling of a babby, then the Huntsman hove him up,
The dugs a bayin round him, while the gemman croid 'Whoo-hup!'
As do some cawves lick fleetings out o' th' piggin in the shed,
They worried every inch of him, aw but his tail an' yed.

"Now, missis, sin the markets be a doing moderate well,
Oiv welly maid my moind up just to buoy a nag mysel;
For to keep a farmer's spirits up, gen things be gettin low,
Theer's nothin loik Fox-huntin an' a rattling Tally-ho!"

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1853.

The Sporting Parson

THINK you the chase unfits him for the Church?
Attend him there, and you will find his tones
Such as become the place ; nay, you may search
Through many counties from cathedral thrones,
And lofty stalls where solemn prebends perch,
To parish aisles which are not cells of drones,
But echo the sweet sound of psalm and prayer,
And you will hear no voice more earnest there.

H. S. STOKES, 1864.

The Crutch

CRIPPLED, he stands beside the gate
In the long moorland wall,
Kept out of all the fun by fate,
Yet loving it withal ;
And when the hounds with nearing cry
Bid vain regret be gone,
He holds his crutch against the sky
To show their fox is on.

For us he suffered in the fight,
For us he walks in pain,
A rider in the foremost flight
Who will not ride again ;
And we who know him best may read
In those brave glistening eyes
The breadth of courage in our breed,
The depth of sacrifice.

WILL H. OGILVIE, 1922.

ADVICE TO THE FIELD

GENTLEMEN, when hounds are at fault, are too apt themselves to prolong it : they should always stop their horses some distance behind the hounds ; and if it be possible to remain silent, this is the time to be so. They should be careful not to ride before the hounds, or over the scent ; nor should they ever meet a hound in the face, unless with a design to stop him.

Should you at any time be before the hounds, turn your horse's head the way they are going, get out of their track, and let them pass by you.—BECKFORD, 1781.



RIDER AND HORSE

A horse—a horse—my kingdom for a horse.—SHAKESPEARE.

“Easier to blow one’s ’orse than one’s ’orn.”—JORROCKS.

A good rider on a good horse is as much above himself and others as the world can make him.—
LORD HERBERT.

Happy are they who go out to please themselves, and not to astonish others.—FACEY ROMFORD.

“’Tain’t the ’opping over ’edges as ’urts the ’orses ’oofs, but the ’ammer, ’ammer, ’ammer on the
’ard ’igh road.”

A Maxim.—Never go into the stables to-day of the horse you were hunting yesterday!

FOR THE ONE-HORSE MAN

An old Creed

One horse will carry you well to do the whole day’s work “up till Christmas,” because the days
are short.

The Corollary

After Christmas the same horse can do the whole day’s work, as he is in condition.

The Propretees of a Goode Hors

A GOODE hors should have 5 propretees and condicions. It is to wit : 1 of a Man,
2 of a Woman, 3 of a Foxe, 4 of an Haare, 5 of an Asse.

Of a Man, strong, proud and hardy.

Of a Woman, fayre brested, faire of haire, and also to looke upon.

Of a Foxe, a fayre taile, short cares, with a good trot.

Of an Haare, a grete eye, a dry hede, and good cunning.

Of an Asse, a bigge chyne, a flatte legge, and good hoofe.

DAME JULIANA BERNERS, 1486.

The Points of the Hunter

HAD I to choose a hunter by seeing one point only, it should be his head ; for I never knew one with a small, clean, intelligent face and prominent eyes to be bad. I like his neck also to be muscular, but not heavy ; shoulders well back, with long arms ; short from the knee to the fetlock ; pasterns rather long, but upright ; his feet cannot be well described on paper, but they should be large and perfect, or all the rest is as "leather and prunella." His back should not be too short, and he should have stout loins and wide hips, and good length from the latter to his hocks, which should be rather turned inwards. Added to this he should be large round the girth, but whether in depth or width does not much signify ; and the higher he is bred the greater his intelligence, and the speedier his recovery from the effects of a hard day.—THE DRUID, 1858.

The Clipper that Stands in the Stall at the Top

(Dedicated to the Hon. Charles White, Scots Fusiliers Guards)

Go, strip him, lad. Now, sir, I think you'll declare
Such a picture you never set eyes on before ;
He was bought in at Tatt's for three hundred, I swear,
And he's worth all the money to look at, and more ;
For the pick of the basket, the show of the shop,
Is the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

In the records of racing I read their career,
There were none of the sort but could gallop and stay ;
At Newmarket his sire was the best of the year,
And the Yorkshiremen boast of his dame to this day ;
But never a likelier foal did she drop
Than the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

A head like a snake, and skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman, bright, gentle, and brown,
With loins and a back that would carry a house,
And quarters to lift him smack over a town.
What's a leap to the rest, is to him but a hop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

When the country is deepest, I give you my word
'Tis a pride and a pleasure to put him along ;
O'er fallow and pasture he sweeps like a bird,
And there's nothing too wide, nor too high, nor too strong ;
For the ploughs cannot choke, nor the fences can crop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Last Monday we ran for an hour in the Vale,
Not a bulfinch was trimmed, of a gap not a sign.
All the ditches were double, each fence had a rail,
And the farmers had locked every gate in the line ;
So I gave him the office, and over them—Pop !
Went the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

I'd lead of them all when we came to the brook,
A big one—a bumper—and up to your chin ;
As he threw it behind him, I turned for a look,
There were eight of us had it, and seven got in.
Then he shook his lean head when he heard them go plop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Ere we got to the finish, I counted but few,
And never a coat without dirt but my own ;
To the good horse I rode all the credit was due,
When the others were tiring, he scarcely was blown ;
For the best of the pace is unable to stop
The Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

You may put on his clothes ; every sportsman, they say,
In his lifetime has one that outrivals the rest,
So the pearl of My casket I've shown you to-day,
The gentlest, the gamest—the boldest, the best ;
And I never will part, by sale or by swop,
With my Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

“ Burton ”

(Eight years old, 1878)

(Written on the back of his portrait)

HERE stands little Burton, as honest a steed
As e'er wore a saddle or cleared up a feed ;
Rising five when I bought him, I've ne'er recked the day,
For I ne'er had a nag like my brave little bay ;
For, the season all round, well his corn does he earn,
And he never has failed to come out in his turn ;
And right well has he carried me three seasons through,
My good little hunter, of scarce 15·2.

So stout o'er the plough, and so fleet o'er the grass,
So keen, and so eager his rivals to pass,
So bold in his rush, at the yawner to leap,
So quiet, and so clever, and patient to creep ;
He'll follow you through a cramped place, if you need,
And he'll stand like a house while you're smoking your weed ;
And I'd not care to change any horse I e'er knew
For my good little hunter of scarce 15·2.

HARRY L.

The Horse to his Rider

UP the hill, spare me ;
Down the hill, bear me ;
On the flat, never fear me.

Old Rhyme.

The Rider to his Horse

DOWN the valley and up the slope we run from scent to view.
"Steady, you villain—you know too much—I'm not so wild as you ;
You'll get me cursed if you catch him first—there's at least a mile to go,
So swallow your pride and ease your stride, and take your fences slow.
Your high-pricked ears as the jump appears are comforting things to see ;
Your easy gallop and bending neck are signals flying to me.
You wouldn't refuse if it was wire with calthrops down in front,
And there we are with a foot to spare—you best of all the Hunt."
Great sloping shoulders galloping strong, and a yard of floating tail,
A fine old Irish gentleman, and a Hampshire post and rail.

"KLAXON," 1917.

The Rider

WITH your head and your heart held up,
And your heels and hands held down,
Your knees pressed close to your horse's sides,
And your elbows close to your own.

Old Rhyme.

“John Mytton”

IN 1829, having been disappointed by a blank day with Sir Edmund Edward Smythe's hounds, which then hunted the Shrewsbury country, he was determined upon a lark when he got home. He accordingly ordered some drafted hounds, which he had in his kennel at Halston, together with all the terriers and bull-dogs about the house, to be taken to a certain place, where he also ordered to be assembled all the servants of his establishment, mounted on whatever they could catch—such as ponies, donkeys or mules—and a fox to be turned out before them. The scene was, as may be supposed, a most ludicrous one. . . . But Mytton was often in the habit of mounting his servants with his hounds when he turned out bag foxes, merely for the sake of witnessing the falls they got, from their want of skill in horsemanship. And he was equally fond of creating amusement even at the expense of his own person.

In speaking of Mr. Mytton as a horseman, I have stated the singular fact of his never having so completely tired his horses in the field as to have been obliged to walk home, which I in great part attribute to his strength of hand in assisting them in their work. It is true he rode excellent horses, for bad ones were useless to him ; but he really appeared to have a sort of magic influence over their tempers—at all events it seemed as if they sympathised with him, and would do almost anything he required them to do.

He would ride them up steps and down steps, and round the inside of the house, without their appearing to be in the least disconcerted or alarmed, nor did I ever hear that he was a sufferer by such dangerous frolics.

Confining my remarks to his riding, I am bound to pronounce him one of the most daring horsemen that ever came under my eye ; and I must likewise add, that, all things considered, he has had fewer falls and tired fewer horses in chase than his larking and desperate system of crossing countries would warrant the expectation of. As to the height and width of the fences which have been ridden over by him, I repeat I am afraid to recapitulate them ; but I have very respectable attestation to my having once measured a brook that he rode over in cold blood, in my presence, and found it to exceed, by some inches, nine yards from hind-foot to hind-foot.—NIMROD, 1835.

The Art of Falling

WE were all harder. I remember a man whom we used to call "the Long Captain." He had a boy with him who had been brought up abroad, and was consequently soft. Being a cousin of Mr. Knight's, he was staying at Simonsbath House, and Captain Moresby was also there. We went for a ride, mounted the boy on a pony, and Mr. Knight made him ride at a gap in a stone wall. He fell off his pony and lay on the grass and howled. "Are you not ashamed of yourself, Jack?" said Captain Moresby, "a great boy like you" (the poor little chap was about ten years old). "How often, Jack, have I seen your Uncle Fred there, with his thigh-bone sticking up out of his waistcoat pocket, and not crying at all. Get up, Sir! Get up on your pony and ride."

They are all gone. Moresby, Knight, the Long Captain, and I think the boy. I only remain, and I have had my tumbles. You should kick your feet out of the stirrups and fall clear of your horse, and then falls do not much matter until you are seventy. After that age it is as well to be careful, although my old friend, Mr. Crockford, at eighty, still refuses to turn his head, and tumbles about over big fences with a smile of contentment on his face.

He cannot see, or hear, or talk very well; but he rides as straight as anyone.

W. H. THORNTON, 1883.

We Are All Of Us Tailors In Turn

I WILL sing you a song of a fox-hunting bout,
 They shall tell their own tale who to-day were thrown out;
 For the fastest as well as the slowest of men,
 Snobs and top-sawyers, alike now and then,
We are all of us tailors in turn.

Says one, "From the cover I ne'er got away,
 Old Quidnunc sat quoting the *Times* on his grey,
 How Lord Derby was wrong, and Lord Aberdeen right,
 And the hounds, ere he finished, were clean out of sight."
We are all of us tailors in turn.



ONE OF US ARE OVER

By "Phiz"

Lent by Mr. Walter J. Spencer



Says one, "When we started o'er fallow and grass,
I was close at the tail of the hounds, but, alas !
We came down to the drain in that black-bottom'd fen,
If I had been on my brook-jumper—O then."

We are all of us tailors in turn.

"Dismounting," says one, "at a gate that was fast,
The crowd, pushing through, knock'd me down as it pass'd ;
My horse seized the moment to take his own fling ;
Who'll again do, out hunting, a good-natured thing ?"

We are all of us tailors in turn.

"Down the lane went I merrily sailing along,
Till I found," says another, "my course was all wrong ;
I thought that his line toward the breeding-earth lay,
But he went, I've heard since, just the opposite way."

We are all of us tailors in turn.

From the wine-cup o'er night some were sorry and sick,
Some skirted, some cran'd, and some rode for a nick ;
Like whales in the water some flounder'd about,
Thrown off and thrown in, they were also thrown out.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

"You will find in a field a whole ton of lost shoes."—
A credulous blacksmith, believing the news,
Thought his fortune were made if he walk'd o'er the ground ;
He lost a day's work, but he ne'er a shoe found !

We are all of us tailors in turn.

What deeds would one hero have done on his grey,
Who was nowhere at all on his chestnut to-day !
All join in the laugh when a braggart is beat,
And that jest is loved best which is aim'd at conceit.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

Good fellows there are, unpretending and slow,
Who can ne'er be thrown out, for they ne'er mean to go ;
But, when the run's over, these oftentimes tell
The story far better than they who went well.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

TWO SAYINGS ON HORSES WITH WHITE STOCKINGS

1. Buy.
2. Try.
3. Shy.
4. Fly.

1. white stocking ride him to the end.
2. white stockings sell him to a friend.
3. white stockings do not give him to your wite.
4. white stockings ride him for your life.



BYE-DAYS

OLD SONG

THE east looks grey ; the early lark
Mounts upwards to the sky,
And to the rosy-finger'd morn
Pours forth its minstrelsy.
Right merrily the huntsman winds
The horn along the vale,
And echo to the neighbouring hills
Imparts the gladsome tale.

THE rule of the road is a paradox quite,
In riding and driving along,
If you go to the left you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right you are wrong.

A Hunting Breakfast

It was a nice comfortable-looking place, with a blazing fire. Half the floor covered with an old oilcloth, and the rest exhibiting the cheerless aspect of the naked flags. About a yard and a half from the fire was placed the breakfast-table ; in the centre stood a magnificent uncut ham, with a great quartern loaf on one side, and a huge Bologna sausage on the other ; besides these there were nine eggs, two pyramids of muffins, a great deal of toast, a dozen ship-biscuits, and half a pork-pie, while a dozen kidneys were spluttering on the spit before the fire, and Betsy held a gridiron covered with mutton-chops on the top ; altogether there was as much as would have served ten people. "Now sit down," said Jorrocks, "and let us be doing, for I am as hungry as a hunter. Hope you are *peckish* too ; what shall I give you ? tea or coffee ?—but take both coffee first and tea after a bit. If I can't give you them good, don't know who can. You must pay your *devours*, as we say in France, to the 'am, for it is an especial fine one, and *do* take a few eggs with it ; there, I've not given you above a pound of 'am, but you can come again, you know—'waste not want not.' Now take some muffins, *do*, pray. Batsy, bring some more cream, and set the kidneys on the table, the Yorkshireman is getting nothing to eat. Have a chop with your kidney, werry luxterous—I could eat an elephant stuffed with grenadiers, and wash them down with an ocean of tea ; but pray lay in to the breakfast, or I shall think you don't like it. There, take some tea and toast, or one of those biscuits, or whatever you like ; would a little more ham be agreeable ? Batsey, run into the larder and see if your Missis left any of that cold chine of pork last night—and hear, bring the cold goose, and any cold flesh you can lay hands on, there are really no wittles on the table. I am quite ashamed to set you down to such a scanty fork breakfast ; but this is what comes of not being master of your own house. Hope your hat may long cover your family : rely on it, it is cheaper to buy your bacon than to keep your own pig !" Just as Jorrocks uttered these last words the side-door opened, and without either "with your leave or by your leave" in bounced Mrs. Jorrocks in an elegant dishabille ("or dish of veal" as Jorrocks pronounced it), with her hair tucked up in papers, and a pair of worsted slippers on her feet, worked with roses and blue lilies.

SURTEES, 1838.

The North-Easter

Hark ! the brave North-easter !

Breast-high lies the scent,

On by holt and headland,

Over heath and bent.

Chime, ye dappled darlings,

Through the sleet and snow,

Who can over-ride you ?

Let the horses go !

Chime, ye dappled darlings,

Down the roaring blast ;

You shall see a fox die

Ere an hour be past.

Go ! and rest to-morrow,

Hunting in your dreams,

While our skates are ringing

O'er frozen streams.

.

'Tis the hard grey weather

Breeds hard Englishmen.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875.

'Ware Wire !

(*A Protest*)

Good fellows, and sportsmen of every degree,

Who live by the land, will you listen to me ?

To teach you your business I offer no claim,

But the man who looks on sees a deal of the game.

And you while I honour, your acres admire,

I think you're mistaken to fence them with Wire !



"TREEING" THE FOX

Henry A. Brown



Let us argue the point : If the stock get astray,
If the pig in a panic sets off for the day,
If the herd leaves unfolded, lamb, heifer, or steer,
If the colt from his tackle can kick himself clear,
Your truants to capture you'll hardly desire
That their hides should be torn into ribbons with Wire !

For see ! The black bullock halts, shivers and reels,
The handsome prize heifer is fast by his heels,
Entangled the wether, and mangled the ewe,
The pig becomes pork, as he chokes pushing through,
And the horse at two hundred to carry the Squire
Is blemished for life while he hangs on the Wire !

Moreover—and here the shoe pinches, I know—
You love to ride hunting, and most of you *go*.
When thickest the fences and quickest the burst,
'Tis a thousand to one that a farmer is first.
But I give you my honour, it makes me perspire
To think of my neighbour turned over by Wire !

You may bore through the blackthorn and top the oak-rail,
Here courage shall serve and there craft can avail.
The seasoned old horse does his timber with ease ;
The young ones jump water as wide as you please ;
But the wisdom of age and the four-year-old's fire
Are helpless alike if you ride them at Wire !

Great heavens ! rash man, what a crowner you come !
Your collar-bone broken, two ribs, and a thumb ;
While the pride of your stable lies stretched on the plain,
And the friend of your heart never rises again ;
Then bitter the curses you launch in your ire
At the villain who fenced his enclosure with Wire !

'Tis cruel to see, in the cream of a run,
A dozen fine fellows, enjoying the fun,
Struck down at a moment to writhe in the dirt,
Dismounted, disgusted, both frightened *and* hurt !
While behind them a panic breaks out like a fire,
With ominous caution—" 'Ware wire, sir ! 'ware Wire ! "

No ! twist us your binders as strong as you will,
 We must all take our chances of cropper and spill ;
 There are scores of young ashes to stiffen the gaps,
 And a blind double ditch is the surest of traps,
 But remember, fair sportsmen fair usage require ;
 So up with the timber, and down with the Wire !

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

For the Grown Horseman

As a purchaser, it is immaterial whether you go to Tattersall's, or Aldridge's, to Meynell's Hunt or His Majesty's, it is probable you will be taken in wherever you go.

The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller, than the sensation of continually getting forward ; whereas the riding of a horse of a contrary make is like swarming the banisters of a staircase, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

The less he lifts his fore-legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

Spavins, splints, corns, mallenders, sallenders, etc., etc., being all curable, are beneath your notice. A few of these infirmities in your stable are always a subject of conversation, and you may, perhaps, now and then want one ; it will likewise justify you to your lady, in embellishing your bookcase with Bracken, Gibson, Bartlet and Griffiths ; excellent authors in their way, and extremely useful ! for you will have no occasion to be sending for an apothecary upon every trifling ailment in your family, but will know yourself how to make up a good stout and effectual dose of physic for your wife or servants, in the gooseberry season, and at the fall of the leaf.

Let me entreat you to examine your tackling well at setting out, particularly from an inn, and after dinner : see that your girths are tight ; many a good fall

have I got by not attending to this. Hostlers are too apt to be careless, and ought never to be paid till we see them next time.

An instance of a singular nature occurred at Huntingdon a few years since to the Rev. D. B. of Jesus College in Cambridge, which has given a discovery to the world (productive, indeed, of a paper war), but which may turn out beneficial to mankind, as it proves 3 to be equal to 4. The Doctor dined at the Crown, it was dusk when he set out northwards; I myself saw 3s. charged in his bill for wine; this may account for his want of observation; for the hostler's I must attribute it to his having been paid beforehand. The Doctor went off at a spurt, pretty much in the manner I have recommended, and having got clear of the pavement, wished to, what is called, mend his pace; but his horse was obdurate, and all his influence could not prevail. The Doctor fancied he went oddly, and therefore brought to, at Alconbury, five miles from Huntingdon, and alighted for an examination: when he discovered that the hostler, through inattention, had buckled up one of the horse's hind legs in the surcingle: and to this alone he had to attribute his hobbling way of going.—There was an hostler at Huntingdon who was a moralist, possibly this at Huntingdon was an experimental in execution. It certainly answered, as far as five miles; but how it would succeed in bringing horses of different forms together over Newmarket, I am not competent to determine.

It seems as if one might work a lame horse thus, and keep his unsound leg quiet. If this experiment has been repeated, it has been in private, for I have not heard of it; and I much question if it would ever be generally adopted; when I say generally, no reflection upon General officers. A timid Major, however, might keep his horse in due subjection on a review day by this method.

GEOFFREY GAMBADO, 1787,
*Riding Master of the Horse, and Grand Equerry to
the Doge of Venice.*

Two Charades on Hunting Words

I

My first is the point of an Irishman's tale,
My second's a tail of its own to disclose;
But I warn you in time, lest your courage should fail,
If you're troubled with either the shakes or the slows,
That the longer you look at my whole in the vale,
The bigger, and blacker, and bitterer it grows!

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

The squire on his grey
 Has been hunting all day,
 So at night let him drown his fatigue in the bowl ;
 But ere quenching his thirst,
 To get rid of my *first*,
 Let him call for my *second* to bring him my *whole* !

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

How We Beat the Favourite

A LAY OF THE LOAMSHIRE HUNT CUP

“Aye, squire,” said Stevens, “they back him at evens ;
 The race is all over bar shouting, they say ;
 The Clown ought to beat her ; Dick Neville is sweeter
 Than ever—he swears he can win all the way.

“A gentleman rider—well, I’m an outsider,
 But if he’s a gent, who the mischief’s a jock ?
 Your swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder,
 He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock.

“He calls ‘hunted fairly’ a horse that has barely
 Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounds,
 A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick,
 And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds.

“They say we have no test to warrant a protest ;
 Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward ;
 The light of their faces they show him—his case is
 Prejudged and his verdict already secured.

“But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
 She strides in her work clean away from The Drag ;
 You hold her and sit her, she couldn’t be fitter,
 Whenever you hit her she’ll spring like a stag.

“And perhaps the green jacket, at odds though they back it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool ; and I think you may just win the cup.”

Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle,
Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry, to start us at once.

“Keep back in the yellow ! Come up on Othello !
Hold hard on the chestnut ! Turn round on The Drag !
Keep back there on Spartan ! Back, you, sir, in tartan !
So, steady there, easy,” and down went the flag.

We started, and Ker made strong running on Mermaid,
Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound ;
The crack, half extended, looked bloodlike and splendid,
Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture where floods of last year
Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floored Monk and Bluebottle ;
The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch,
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cocksparrow,
And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall ;
And Giles on the Grayling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her nor nursed her
Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough ;
Her flanks mud-bespattered, a weak rail she shattered—
My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Then crashed a low binder, and then close behind her
The sword to the strokes of the favourite shook ;
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shortened her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her, I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee ;
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her,
The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green ;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit ;
She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we bounded
Brushed lightly, our stirrups clashed loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping,
The last—we diverged round the base of the hill ;
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogged up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her,
And up to his girth, to his breastplate she drew ;
A short prayer from Neville just reach'd me, "The Devil,"
He muttered—locked level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard :
"The green wins !" "The crimson !" The multitude swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurred.

“The horse is her master !” “The green forges past her !”
 “The Clown will outlast her !” “The Clown wins !” “The Clown !”
 The white railing races with all the white faces,
 The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway she strains in the straightway,
 Still struggles The Clown by a short neck at most ;
 He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges,
 And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post.

Aye ! so end the tussle—I knew the tan muzzle
 Was first, though the ring-men were yelling “Dead heat !”
 A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said, “The mare by
 A short head.” And that’s how the favourite was beat.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON, 1870.

A few of Mr. Warde’s Sayings and Hints

“HALF the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth.”

“Never buy a horse from a rich man who hunts, or from a poor man till you have tried him.”

“Never believe a word any man says about a horse he wishes to sell, not even a Bishop.”

“Never keep a drinking man, nor a pretty maid-servant.”

“Never refuse a good dinner from home unless you have a better at home.”

“Breed your hounds with bone and nose ; without the one they will tire, without the other become slack.”—NIMROD, 1842.

Hark Forward’s the Cry

HARK forward ! away, my brave boys of the chase,
 To the joys that sweet exercise yield ;
 The bright ruddy morning breaks on us apace,
 And invites to the sports of the field.

Hark forward's the cry, and cheerful the morn,
Then follow the hounds and merry-toned horn.

No music can equal the hounds in full cry ;
Hark ! they open—they haste away ;
O'er hill, dale, and valley, with vigour we fly,
While pursuing the sports of the day.
Hark forward's the cry, and cheerful the morn,
Then follow the hounds and merry-toned horn.

With the sports of the field no joys can compare,
To pleasure's light footsteps we trace ;
We run down dull sloth, and we distance old care,
Rosy health we o'ertake in the chase.
Hark forward's the cry, and cheerful the morn,
They follow the hounds and merry-toned horn.

Ballad, before 1811.

Sayings from Jorrocks

“WHAT man dare I dare, he who dare more is no man.”

“The only infallible rule we know is—that the man who is always talking of being a gentleman never is one.”

“What a follow-me-leader world it is.”

“Where there's ceremony there's no friendship.”

“Show me your footman, I'll tell you what you are.”

“There are people who can't understand any coolness short of a kick.”

“The single married and the married happy drunk with three times three and one more cheer.”

SURTEES, 1838.

Joys of Hunting

For myself I cannot fancy a more happy frame of mind,
Than his who rides well up to hounds, while "care sits on behind."
There is nothing to allure him in the vanities of life ;
Ambition, scandal, politics, hatred, emulation, strife,
And all those dire diseases men really good discard,
Are merged in forgetfulness when hounds are running hard.

Old Ballad.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

Spectator, No. 509

TOBIAS HOBSON was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable where there was a great choice, but he was obliged to take the horse which stood next the stable door ; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your selection was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's Choice."

SILENCE

AMONGST the ancients, it was reckoned *an ill omen* to speak in hunting : I wish it were thought so now. *Hoc age* should be one of the first maxims in hunting, as in life : and I can assure you, when I am in the field I never wish to hear any other tongue than that of a hound.—BECKFORD.

THE FINISH

THE DYING WHIP

PARSON brought 'is Bible and come to read to me.
" 'Ave what you like, there's everything within this Book," says he.
Says I, "They've left the 'orses out." Says 'e, "You are mistook ;"
An' 'e up an' read a 'eap of things about them from the Book.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

SAINT HUBERT'S HOUNDS

THE hounds which we call Saint Hubert's Hounds are commonly all blacke, yet nevertheless the race is so mingled at these days that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of S. Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceive that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into Paradise.—TUBERVILLE, 1575.

The Place Where the Old Horse Died

IN the hollow by the pollard, when the crop is tall and rank
Of the dock leaf and the nettle growing free,
Where the bramble and the brushwood straggle blindly o'er the bank,
And the pyat jerks and chatters on the tree.
There's a fence I never pass
In the brushwood and the grass,
But for very shame I turn my head aside,
While the tears come thick and hot
And my curse is on the spot—
'Tis the place where the old horse died.

There's his hoof upon the chimney, there's his hide upon the chair,
A better never bent him to the rein;
Now, for all my love and care, I've an empty stall and bare;
I shall never ride my gallant horse again!
How he laid him out at speed,
How he loved to have a lead,
How he snorted in his mettle and his pride!
Not a flyer of the Hunt
Was beside him in the front,
At the place where the old horse died.

Was he blown? I hardly think it. Did he slip? I cannot tell.
We had run for forty minutes in the vale,
He was reaching at his bridle; he was going strong and well,
And he never seemed to falter or to fail;
Though I sometimes fancy, too,
That his daring spirit knew
The task beyond the compass of his stride,
Yet he faced it true and brave,
And dropped into his grave,
At the place where the old horse died.

I was up in half a minute, but he never seemed to stir,
 Though I scored him with my rowels in the fall;
 In this life he had not felt before the insult of the spur,
 And I knew that it was over once for all.
 When motionless he lay,
 In his cheerless bed of clay,
 Huddled up without an effort on his side—
 'Twas a hard and bitter stroke,
 For his honest back was broke
 At the place where the old horse died.

With a neigh so faint and feeble that it touched me like a groan,
 "Farewell," he seemed to murmur, "ere I die ;"
 Then set his teeth and stretched his limbs, and so I stood alone,
 While the merry chase went heedless sweeping by.
 Am I womanly and weak
 If the tear was on my cheek
 For a brotherhood that death can thus divide ?
 If sickened and amazed
 Through a woeful mist I gazed
 On the place where the old horse died ?

There are men both good and wise, who hold that in a future state,
 Dumb creatures we have cherished here below,
 Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate ;
 Is it folly that I hope it may be so ?
 For never man had friend
 More enduring to the end,
 Truer mate in turn of time and tide.
 Could I think we'd meet again
 It would lighten half my pain
 At the place where the old horse died.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

Death of Tom Moody

You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell!
 A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound
 Thro' a country, well known to him, fifty miles round;
 No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twas good;
 And all with attention would eagerly mark
 When he cheer'd up the pack—"Hark! to Rockwood, hark! hark!
 Hie! wind him, and cross him!
 Now, Rattler boy!—Hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's-green drest,
 Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest;
 His horse, which he styl'd his "Old Soul," next appear'd,
 On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd;
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs in a trophy were bound,
 And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
 Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
 Nor the Wrekin resound his first burst in the chase!

 With Hie-over! now press him!
 Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Thus Tom spoke his friends, ere he gave up his breath—
 "Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,
 One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
 Give a rattling View-halloo thrice over my grave!
 And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
 My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
 Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,

 Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
 Tally-ho! Hark forward.

 WILLIAM SHIELDS, 1796.

²NOTE.—Tom Moody was the whipper-in to Mr. Forester, of Willey, in Shropshire. He was a celebrated character, and served his Master for about forty years. He died in 1796.

The Dream of an Old Meltonian

I AM old, I am old, and my eyes are grown weaker,
My beard is as white as the foam on the sea,
Yet pass me the bottle and fill me a beaker,
A bright brimming toast in a bumper for me!
Back, back, through long vistas of years I am wafted,
But the glow at my heart's undiminished in force;
Deep, deep in that heart has fond memory engrafted
Those quick thirty minutes from Ranksboro' Gorse.

What is time? The effluxion of life zoophitic
In dreary pursuit of position or gain.
What is life? The absorption of vapours mephitic,
And the burning of sunlight on senses and brain!
Such a life have I lived—though so speedily over,
Condensing the joys of a century's course,
From the find till we beat him near Woodwellhead Cover,
In thirty bright minutes from Ranksboro' Gorse.

Last night in St. Stephen's so wearily sitting
(The member for Boreham sustained the debate,)
Some pitying spirit that round me was flitting
Vouchsafed a sweet vision my pains to abate.
The Mace, and the Speaker, and House disappearing,
The leather-clad bench is a thoroughbred horse;
'Tis the whimpering cry of the foxhound I'm hearing,
And my "seat" is a pigskin at Ranksboro' Gorse.

He's away! I can hear the identical holloa!
I can feel my young thoroughbred strain down the ride,
I can hear the dull thunder of hundreds that follow,
I can see my old comrades in life by my side.
Do I dream? All around me I see the dead riding,
And voices long silent re-echo with glee;
I can hear the far wail of the Master's vain chiding,
As vain as the Norseman's reproof to the sea.



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A MEET AT SHARDELOES

From a picture by R. B. Davies

Vain, indeed ! for the bitches are racing before us—
Not a nose to the earth, not a stern in the air ;
And we know by the notes of that modified chorus
How straight we must ride if we wish to be there !
With a crash o'er the turnpike, and onward I'm sailing,
Released from the throes of the blundering mass,
Which dispersed right and left as I topped the high railing,
And shaped my own course o'er the billowy grass.

Select is the circle in which I am moving,
Yet open and free the admission to all ;
Still, still more select is that company proving,
Weeded out by the funkier, and thinned by the fall :
Yet here all are equal—no class legislation,
No privilege hinders, no family pride :
In the "image of war" show the pluck of the nation ;
Ride, ancient patrician ! democracy, ride !

Oh ! gently, my young one ; the fence we are nearing
Is leaning towards us—'tis hairy and black,
The binders are strong, and necessitate clearing,
Or the wide ditch beyond will find room for your back.
Well saved ! we are over ! now far down the pastures
Of Ashwell the willows betoken the line,
Of the dull-flowing stream of historic disasters
We must face, my bold young one, the dread Whissendine.

No shallow-dug pan with a hurdle to screen it,
That cocktail imposture, the steeplechase brook :
But the steep broken banks tells us plain, if we mean it,
The less we shall like it the longer we look.
Then steady, my young one, my place I've selected,
Above the dwarf willow, 'tis sound I'll be bail,
With your muscular quarters beneath you collected
Prepare for a rush like the "limited mail."

Oh ! now let me know the full worth of your breeding ;
Brave son of Belzoni, be true to your sires,
Sustain old traditions—remember you're leading
The cream of the cream in the shire of the shires !

With a quick, shortened stride as the distance you measure
 With a crack of the nostril and cock of the ear,
 And a rocketing bound, and we're over, my treasure,
 Twice nine feet of water, and landed all clear.

What! four of us only? Are these the survivors
 Of all that rode gaily from Ranksboro' ridge?
 I hear the faint splash of a few hardy divers,
 The rest are in hopeless research of a bridge;
 Vae Victis! the way of the world and the winners!
 Do we ne'er ride away from a friend in distress?
 Alas! we are anti-Samaritan sinners,
 And streaming past Stapleford, onward we press.

Ah! don't they mean mischief, the merciless ladies?
 What fox can escape such implacable foes?
 Of the sex cruel slaughter for ever the trade is,
 Whether human or animal—YONDER HE GOES!
 Never more for the woodland! his purpose has failed him,
 Though to gain the old shelter he gallantly tries;
 In vain the last double, for Jezebel's nailed him!
 WHO-WHOOP! in the open the veteran dies!

Yes, four of us only! But is it a vision?
 Dear lost ones, how come ye with mortals to mix?
 Methought that ye hunted the pastures Elysian,
 And between us there rolled the unjumpable Styx!
 Stay, stay but a moment! the grass fields are fading,
 And heavy obscurity palsies my brain:
 Through what country, what ploughs and what sloughs am I wading?
 Alas! 'tis the member for Boreham again!

Oh! glory of youth! consolation of age!
 Sublimest of ecstasies under the sun;
 Though the veteran may linger too long on the stage,
 Yet he'll drink a last toast to a fox-hunting run.
 And oh! young descendants of ancient top-sawyers!
 By your lives to the world their example enforce;
 Whether landlords, or parsons, or statesmen, or lawyers,
 Ride straight as they rode it from Ranksboro' Gorse.

Though a rough-riding world may bespatter your breeches,
 Though sorrow may cross you or slander revile,
 Though you plunge overhead in misfortune's blind ditches,
 Shun the gap of deception, the handgate of guile :
 Oh, avoid them ! for there see the crowd is contending,
 Ignoble the object—ill-mannered the throng ;
 Shun the miry lane, falsehood, with turns never ending,
 Ride straight for truth's timber, no matter how strong.

I'll pound you safe over ! sit steady and quiet,
 Along the sound headland of honesty steer ;
 Beware of false holloas and juvenile riot :
 Though the oxer of duty be wide, never fear !
 And when the run's over of earthly existence,
 And you get safe to ground, you will feel no remorse,
 If you ride it—no matter what line or what distance—
 As straight as your fathers from Ranksboro' Gorse.

W. DAVENPORT BROMLEY, 1864.

NOTE.—Belzoni ; this illustrious hollow-backed son of Blackcock, who was originally bought for 450 guineas, after he broke down at Northampton, spread his name broadcast over the hunting-fields of England for about twenty seasons. His hunters are after one type—big plain browns with sour tempers, and still sourer forge-hammer heads ; fine propelling quarters, light and leggy at four, but "growing down" after that period, improving vastly between five and seven, and not in their prime till about eight. Still it is said that a great many of them go lame, and invariably in the same foot. If Mr. Lucas had done nothing but buy Belzoni, he would have richly deserved the 500-guinea testimonial he received at Rugby in 1885 from three hundred friends. The Belzoni stock have always a wonderful dislike to medicine, and it used to take Mr. Lucas nearly three-quarters of an hour to get a ball down the old horse, whose trick of always striking with his off front foot on these occasions has been duly transmitted to his children.—THE DRUID, *Post and Paddock*.

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie :
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
 Here he lies where he longed to be ;
 Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
 And the hunter home from the hill.

R. L. STEVENSON, 1850-1904.

'Ware Holes

A SPORTIN' death ! My word it was !
 An' taken in a sportin' way.
 Mind you, I wasn't there to see ;
 I only tell you what they say.

They found that day at Shillinglee
 An' ran 'im down to Chilinghurst ;
 The fox was goin' straight and free
 For ninety minutes at the burst.

They 'ad a check at Ebernoe
 An' made a cast across the Down,
 Until they got a view 'ullo
 An' chased 'im up to Kindford town.

From Kindford 'e run Brander way,
 An' took 'em over 'alf the weald.
 If you 'ave tried the Sussex clay,
 You'll guess it weeded out the field,

Until at last I don't suppose
 As 'alf a dozen at the most,
 Came safe to where the grassland goes
 Switchbackin' southwards to the coast.

Young Captain 'Eadley 'e was there,
 An' Jim the whip an' Percy Day ;
 The Purcells an' Sir Charles Adair,
 An' this 'ere gent from London way.

For 'e 'ad gone amazing fine,
Two 'undred pounds between 'is knees ;
Eight stone 'e was, an' rode at nine,
As light an' limber as you please.

'E was a stranger to the 'unt,
There weren't a person as 'e knew there ;
But 'e could ride, that London gent—
'E sat 'is mare as if 'e grew there.

They seed the 'ounds upon the scent,
But found a fence across their track,
An' 'ad to fly it, else it meant
A turnin' an' a 'arking back.

'E was the foremost at the fence,
And as 'is mare just cleared the rail
'E turned to them that rode be'ind,
For three was at 'is very tail.

"'Ware 'oles !" says 'e, an' with the word,
Still sittin' easy on 'is mare,
Down, down 'e went, an' down an' down,
Into the quarry yawnin' there.

Some say it was two 'undred foot,
The bottom lay as black as ink.
I guess they 'ad some ugly dreams
Who reined their 'orses on the brink.

'E'd only time for that one cry ;
"'Ware 'oles !" says 'e, an' saves all three.
There may be better deaths to die,
But that one's good enough for me.

For, mind you, 'twas a sportin' end,
 Upon a right good sportin' day;
 They think a deal of 'im down 'ere,
 That gent that came from London way.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, 1898.

“A Lament”

It falls that blow we first began to dread
 When the foul primrose reared its monstrous head,
 When first uprose from bank and mossy dell
 The flaunting violet's disagreeable smell,
 When vicious lambs commenced their savage bleat.
 Oh! when they're roasted, won't revenge be sweet?
 When angry farmers first were heard to shout,
 “Now then, 'ware wheat; where are your eyes, you lout?”
 It falls that blow, and I of heart bereft
 Feel as though Bendy¹ hit me with his left;
 Hit me just after I had freely dined,
 And in that spot which schoolboys call the wind.

The season's over, we have heard this morn
 The last sweet note of gallant Percy's² horn;
 And sweeter still, the last melodious sound
 Of deep-toned music from the eager hound.
 All now is mute save one word whispered low
 To horse and man alike, and that is “Woe.”

From *A Lament from the Rufford Hunt*, April 1861.

¹ Bendigo, the pugilist.

² Captain Percy Williams, late of the 9th Lancers, Master of the Rufford Hounds from 1841 to 1861.

The Hunting of Arscott of Tetcott

1652

Supposed to be written about John Arscott of Tetcott (who died in 1675), who was Sheriff of Devon. John Arscott is still believed to hunt the country, and there are men alive who declare they have heard his horn and seen his hounds and him go by in the park.

In the month of November, in the year fifty-two,
Three jolly Fox-hunters, all Sons of the Blue,
Came o'er from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,
To have some diversion with Arscott of Tetcott :
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, lol de rol lol,
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, lol de rol lol rol lol.
Came o'er from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,
To have some diversion with Arscott of Tetcott.

The daylight was dawning, right radiant the morn,
When Arscott of Tetcott he winded his horn ;
He blew such a flourish, so loud in the hall,
The rafters resounded, and danced to the call.
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

In the kitchen the servants, in kennel the hounds,
In the stable the horses were roused by the sounds ;
On Black-Cap in saddle sat Arscott, " To-day
I will show you good sport, lads. Hark follow away."
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

They tried in the coppice, from Becket to Thorn,
There were Ringwood and Rally, and Princess and Scorn.
Then out bounded Reynard, away they all went,
With the wind in their tails, on a beautiful scent.
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

" Hark, Vulcan," said Arscott, " the best of good hounds.
Heigh, Venus," he shouted ; " how nimbly she bounds.
And nothing re-echoes so sweet in the valley,
As the music of Rattle, of Phil-pot, and Rally."
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

They hunted o'er fallow, o'er field and on moor,
 And never a hound, man or horse would give o'er.
 Sly Reynard kept distance for many a mile,
 And no one dismounted for gate or for stile.
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

"How far do you make it?" said Simon, the son;
 "The day that's declining will shortly be done."
 "We'll follow till Doom's Day," quoth Arscott. Before
 They hear the Atlantic with menacing roar.
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

Thro' Whitsone and Poundstock, St Gennys they run;
 As a fireball, red, in the sea set the sun.
 Then out on Penkenner—a leap and they go
 Full five hundred feet to the ocean below.
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

When the full moon is shining as clear as the day,
 John Arscott still hunteth the country, they say;
 You may see him on Black-Cap, and hear, in full cry,
 The pack from Pencarrow to Dazard go by.
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

When the tempest is howling, his horn you may hear,
 And the bay of his hounds in their headlong career;
 For Arscott of Tetcott loves hunting so well
 That he breaks for the pastime from Heaven—or Hell.
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

Old Ballad.

"I KNOWS no more melancholic ceremony than takin' the string out of one's 'at, and foldin' hup the old red rag at the end o' the season—a rag unlike all other rags, the dearer and more hinteresting the older and more worthless it becomes."—*Jorrocks's Sportin' Lector*.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note
And echo bids good-night from every glade.
KEBLE.



RBC

Fairman Rogers

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